

The WAR CRY



OFFICIAL ORGAN of

in Canada, Alaska & Newfoundland

The SALVATION ARMY

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101 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.

Territorial Headquarters
James and Albert Sts. Toronto.

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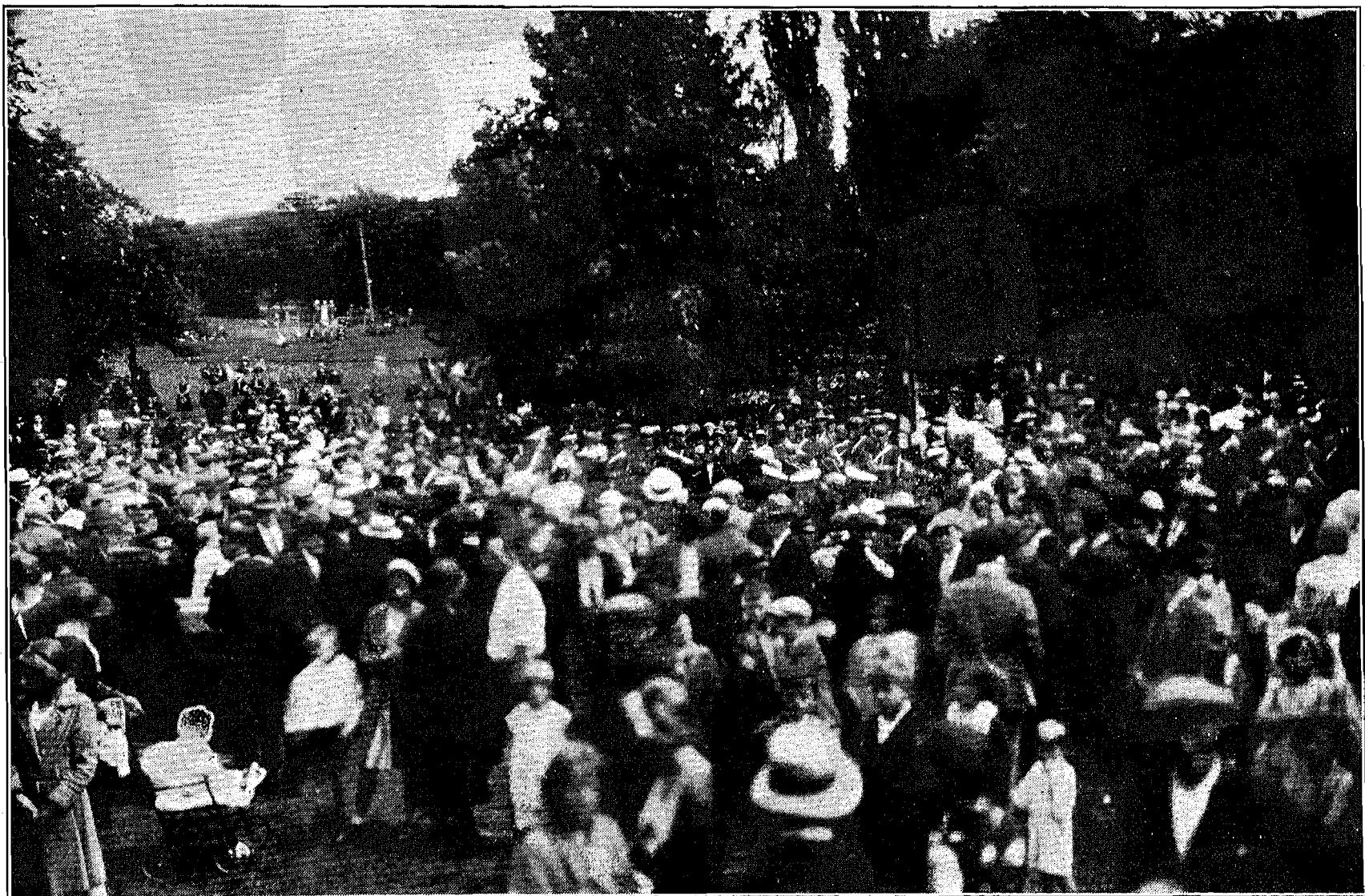
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TORONTO, JULY 16, 1932

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

MERRY MUSIC WITH A MEANING

Visit of Detroit Citadel Band to Toronto is fraught with Rich Blessing and Inspiration—Untiring Bandsmen Maintain Salvation Campaign—In the Park until Ten-Thirty—Spending their Supper Hour In a Broadcasting Station



Following its ancient custom, The Army, in Canada as elsewhere, goes where the people gather. Here we see the Detroit Band, during the week-end visit to Toronto, busily at work in Riverdale Park, on Sunday afternoon. That evening again thousands of people surrounded them in the same delightful setting, listening to their Salvation music and song and words of testimony

SOME years ago the Winnipeg Citadel Band visited Toronto. The people who heard that capable combination of Army musicians speak even yet of their appreciation. Later the Flint Band came to the Queen City, and memory dwells fondly upon that successful occasion. Later still the Montreal Citadel Band came, and now the Detroit Citadel Band has rendered Salvation musical service to Torontonians. Thanks are due to the Riverdale comrades whose enterprise brought about the felicitous arrangement whereby, during last week-end, thousands enjoyed, at first-hand, the inspiration of the Detroit Band's bright harmonies, while many thousands more, over a far wider range, shared in the bless-

ings of the broadcast service on Sunday afternoon.

The demands made upon the Bandsmen were insatiable, and, to their credit be it said, the response which was made was untiring and enthusiastic from first to last. Travelling through Friday night, without much sleep—if any—the Detroit folk arrived in Riverdale during the mid-morning hours, and they were soon found in action upon Kew Beach, playing to the holiday-makers as if they had enjoyed a good night's repose, and were, in every particular, ready for any effort.

Prior to the evening proceedings the Band assembled in the Riverdale Citadel for supper, following which meal a hearty

welcome was offered to the visitors in the name of Toronto Bandsmen by Brigadier Hawkins, whose references to the international character of The Army Flag evoked spontaneous and hearty endorsement.

The Open-air meeting which was conducted on the corner of Albert and Yonge Streets, immediately before the evening Festival, was preceded by a march down Yonge Street, in the course of which considerable interest was aroused, and a great gathering surrounded the grey-clad musicians, many of whom were formerly British Bandsmen, during the period in which they discoursed Salvation music and song, and testified in ringing fashion regarding Salvation. (Con. on page 12)

Come to the Point

W

HAT'S the use of beating about the bush? Some people, by studiously avoiding taking issue, have become so circumlocutory that their words seem never to arrive anywhere. At the close of a long conversation, they leave their friends wondering.

Have an opinion of your own; know what it is you think; be cautious with your speech regarding it—but do not leave any doubt regarding your convictions.

There cannot be better advice than that which a shrewd insurance man gave to a group of young aspirants to success in that field of endeavor. Said he:

"Fear must be put far from you. Especially would I stress this—Don't be afraid to come to the point!"

As they sat staring at the veteran, for it was obvious that he had yet an important thing to say to them, he added: "Think of a Salvation Army meeting. You wouldn't be long in one of those assemblies, before somebody would ask the vital question—'Are you saved?' And so I say to you, once again—Don't be afraid to come to the point!"

So we provide pointed illustration for the business men about us; now let us make sure that we have "the goods," as advertised by that insurance chief.

There is much music in Army meetings. There is much good singing, too. We are making better use of the Scriptures, and our addresses, quite often, are eloquent. We are furnishing our Halls so

that they are more comfortable, both for the people who listen and for the folk who minister. Good, all good. But is it good enough?

Just think of that insurance man's words once again, and then answer this question—What is the use of it all; what does it all matter, if the point is not made?

You know the meaning of a plain question, when you read it. Come on, then; no beating about the bush. What about it? Come to the point. Do we ask the vital question? How long must the expectant, the sometimes fearful, people wait for that vital question?

One among our readers will be asking: Is the foregoing addressed to The Army Officers and those who take part in the meetings in the Hall? The answer is in the affirmative. But everybody has a part to play.

Even so it misses me, says another, for I do not frequent Salvation Army meetings. Very well, there still exists the obligation upon all who know Christ as a personal Saviour.

Let our last application show how all-embracing is the opportunity. Even unsaved men or women, concerned more about the state of other persons than about themselves, could put this challenge to the heedless, drifting soul, "Are you saved?" It is arresting, vitally so. We ask it everywhere.

We should; we must!

Let us go straight to the point, and not be afraid to urge it again and again.

EXPERIENCE

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

IT MATTERS little what other knowledge you may have acquired. The prime discovery is to know yourself to be a sinner. Without it you will not be likely to seek Salvation. And you **MUST** have Salvation if you are to escape eternal ruin. The realization that you have sinned, and that unless you find favor with God you must be lost, will help you to a proper appreciation of the value of Christ's coming into the world and His dying upon the Cross as a remedy for sin—your sin.

To benefit by His death you must repent and turn from your sins and ask God for Christ's sake to forgive you for the past and to help you in the future. If you do this with your whole heart, and exercise faith in Him, He will save your soul and give you the witness of the Spirit that you are born again.

LET US ALL "CARRY ON!"

By Mrs. Captain Lillian G. Moffett, Jamaica

"WE MUST carry on," I heard a minister say, who had just passed through the terrible Belize (West Indies) disaster. And, somehow, my mind went hurrying back to our Commissioning Day. "Carry on" Session was "Always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Some of us are carrying on His work in India, Jamaica, China, and where the Stars and Stripes fly. Some are in the Glory-Land. Some have "looked back," and some are faithfully working for Him in their native land.

Two or three years ago an Officer of my Session sent me our Sessional Pin with The Army colors, and engraved on it the words "Carry on." It gives me great pleasure to wear it on the sleeve of my white uniform, and many a time it has brought its message, "Always abounding in the work of the Lord," so that I have gone ahead with my work, caring for the tiny leper babies, and the rebellious young girls who come under my care.

When we stood by the tiny grave of our first-born son, its message came to me very powerfully. Yes, we must "Carry on" through joy and sorrow. To "Carry on" through depression, to bring comfort and joy into homes and hearts, is an essential service.

It is thus that I am trying to "Carry on," keeping the Flag flying; so we must all abound in His work. As my tiny pin carries its message, with the little Flag looking so brave, so should we all convey to those about us the glad fact that grace

sufficient is provided to enable the weakest of the followers of our Master to triumph.

We find much joy in His service here in sunny Jamaica, leading the people to God, and watching their spiritual growth. To hear them pray and sing, and to see them, of their poverty, give their "quattle" (three cents) to help on the War, is simply wonderful.

Let us all "Carry on" for Jesus!

DON'T BE SORRY FOR YOURSELF!

"I'm sorry!"

"Don't be sorry,—just don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Don't do what makes you sorry!"

The conversation occurred at my elbow as I boarded a street car. It set me thinking. Then, having got a seat, I opened my paper, and this is what I read—

"If you think that the habit of being sorry for yourself isn't a very serious matter, and scarcely worth talking about, you ought to read your Old Testament over again. You will find there stories of several men, great, strong, fine men, too, who came very near to wrecking their whole life's work by indulging such a habit."

Not exactly the same kind of sorrow, you will say. Perhaps not, but let us think of it in this new light, a moment. Moses and Jonah, and Elijah and Jeremiah, to say nothing of Job, were wonderful men, yet every one in that group cuts a sorry figure, now and again when, as the Old Testament record shows us, he indulged himself with that unappetis-

ing and indigestible luxury—a dish of self-pity.

Have you ever thought of this? Being sorry for oneself makes for cowardice. This habit of letting the mind revolve around one's own troubles and cares softens the fibres in a man's soul. The exercise is unwholesome because it weakens the will; it tones down courage and high resolve and makes brave and resolute and aggressive action much less possible than it was.

Long experience has shown that a few hours of indulgence in self-pity has often more to hinder a man's usefulness than any amount of antagonism and opposition.

Said the sainted Catherine Adorna: "He who complains, or thinks he has a right to complain, because he is called in God's Providence to suffer, has something within him which needs to be taken away. A soul whose will is lost in God's will, can never do this. Sorrow may exist, but complaint never."

And that closing sentence gives the cue to the trouble. It is not so much that sorrow is felt, as that complaint seeks to justify.—U. R. de Roti.

FOR OUR DAILY MEDITATION

ON WAKING, PRAY:—

"Lord of all life, accept my thanks for Thy mercies and for renewed opportunity to serve. Receive my every thought, and word and deed in this, another day. Amen."

SUNDAY

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."—Psalm 139:9, 10.

*I cannot lose Thee! Still in Thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide so'er I roam;
The Hand that holds the worlds my step is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.*

Let us sing Song number 888.

MONDAY

"Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be like-minded

one toward another, according to Christ Jesus."—Romans 15:5.

"Let patience have her perfect work."—James 1:4.

*Make me patient, kind and gentle,
Day by day;*

*Teach me how to live more nearly
As I pray.*

Let us sing Song number 870.

TUESDAY

"Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men."—1 Thessalonians 5:14.

*The little worries which we meet
each day*

*May lie as stumbling-blocks across
our way,*

*Or we may make them stepping
stones to be*

Of grace, O Lord, to Thee.

Let us sing Song number 863.

WEDNESDAY

"If any man offend not in word,

the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."—James 3:2.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—Psalm 141:3.

*What! never speak one evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind!*

*Oh, how shall I, most gracious
Lord,*

*This mark of true perfection
find?*

Let us sing Song number 859.

THURSDAY

"He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."—Psalm 23:2, 3.

*He leads me where the waters glide,
The waters soft and still,*

*And homeward He will gently guide
My wandering heart and will.*

Let us sing Song number 849.

(Continued on page 6)

"Ah! the Land of the Rustling of Wings, Which is Beyond the Rivers of Ethiopia"

The Lure of the Long Grass

By Captain E. Kingsley Mortimer, Salisbury, Rhodesia



CLEARLY it was a case of now or never. Oh, those hours—interminable hours they seemed—when we pushed, dug, coaxed even, and finally in despair, crawled under a revolutionary car to the infinite delight of a particularly voracious red clay, and the permanent disrepair of uniform, eminently suited, no doubt, to certain sets of circumstances, but found wanting in the acid test! There is only one type of sartorial equipment for such occasion, and that is a suit of armor! Even the malicious sun, trying his best to carry out some culinary scheme in that subtle way of his, and the weird silence of the veldt paled before our dire need. Of course there were re-actions galore, but when sheets of rain are due in about half an hour, and forty miles of the best between here and the next place, there isn't time to value re-actions in their true terms.

To the above there had been an agonizing prelude of the black hours of night when the very falling of a leaf, or the quiet rustle of wind strolling through the grass roof seemed to preface the coming of rain which would effectually cancel any effort, however desperate, to get out. Rain! Let it not be named among you—not at this time at any rate.

Racing Against Time

And here, racing against time, we were stuck for the seventh time, in far less than that number of miles. Rain due in thirty minutes, a sinister flay ahead, and only sufficient rocks to form two narrow strips of road very imperfectly supported by the afore-mentioned red clay. A super-human efforted the way for the run down and the approach. For the rest it meant one of two things. Either we should get across (humanly speaking, highly impossible) or else—but that must be left to the reader's imagination; is was an alternative too dreadful to be entertained.

I thought it all depended on "Lizz," so obviously therefore she must be humored, and that to a high degree. If you've ever stood before a trusty Ford, gently stroked the bonnet, and asked her quietly, calmly, and with full confidence, if she thought she could do it—could stick to those narrow, hideously narrow, rows of stones, and not slide off into helplessness and hopeless bogdom, you'll probably understand (especially remembering the six times you have been stuck

already under circumstances less difficult by about ten degrees) that her reply is shrouded in doubt. I have prayed some earnest pray-



"There's no place like home," even if it's only a grass hut. Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Moffatt, wife of the Territorial Commander for Rhodesia, at her billet while on "Safari"

ers, and they have been answered, not always in the way that I might have desired, but answered for all that. I have prayed on land and sea, under many circumstances and for many ends. But I must confess that up till this challenging moment I had never asked God to help me out of the mud! If I had, I mightn't have been stuck so many times before. I walked a few paces away, quietly removed my helmet, knelt down in the stark loneliness of that valley, and prayed the shortest prayer of my life. "Oh God! Help me to drive straight!"

Then, when it was all over, I went back to that dread spot; over the stones, buried deep in the clay, I raised a glad "Thank You!" I felt like a conqueror, for remembering that deep of stones raised the other side of Jordan, which were to be for a remembrance, I saw them here, buried deep in this appalling morass, but a remembrance for all that.

That was the beginning of what grew to be the lure of the long grass.

It has been said, and not without a good measure of truth, that it is the early bird that catches the worm, always, of course, provided that it gets up early enough and nobody has been there before him. And to be perfectly frank, at 5 a.m., when even the sun hasn't quite shaken off the shackles of a bed of fleecy clouds, and still lingers lovingly round the horizon, to be calmly drinking the "cup that

cheers," and watching the long grass waving its welcome in the grey wind of the morning, is calculated to introduce very much of the early bird effect.

I was on trek, and "Lizz," magnificent though she was on the broad highway, could never be trusted on the now foot-wide track. It would be sacrilege of the highest order to crush the long grass under anything so material and ultra-modern as a mudguard. Unthinkable in this world of yester-year. Besides I wanted to walk. Livingstone walked, so did Crawford; and surely if with gallant and high-hearted happiness they could accept the long grass at its face value, well, why couldn't I? That settled it.

Peter the Guide

Peter was my guide. Dark-faced, smiling Peter, and being neither so impetuous nor so vacillating as his namesake, illustrious for all that, we made good progress. I was going to school, no longer as

"... The whining schoolboy with his satchel, And smiling morning face, creeping like a snail Unwillingly to school."

I had assumed the dread role of Inspector, that thundering monarch descending from the skies to disturb the quiet calm of ignorance. Once, I remembered, an inspector had plunged into the abyss of our mental fog, and questioned me. As my reply was to the effect that "Teacher hadn't told us that ... it can be readily imagined that my stocks slumped somewhat. Now I wondered ... we should see!

There is nothing quite so much like Africa as the long grass. Those grand, good men, whose names are carved deep across the continent, they loved it. It has seen the glow of the camp-fire and heard the call of battle. It has sheltered untamed men and beasts, as indeed it still does. And here—dream of dreams come true—I could put out my hands and touch it, knowing the dream would not fade away. It closed in round us and we loved it, not because it was grass, but because it was Africa.

"Still with call of trumpet, Far, far off the daybreak call, Hark! how loud and clear I hear 'it wind!"

Swift to the head of the army, Swift, spring to your places, Pioneers, oh, pioneers!"

That was the spirit that found, that made Africa. We must have it.

And now across the sprouting tops the village and adventure. The children fall behind, singing their songs of the morning. But I knew we should never get to school without something happening; it always has happened, and I suppose it always will. Even long years ago (for Africa tries to make us grow up, in which we hope she won't succeed) I either fell off my bicycle or fought the boy-next-door on the way to school.

Now I never saw what happened, I felt it! Something glided out of the long grass, which I didn't mind at all; what I objected to was that it did not glide in again. Four and a half feet of concentrated evil in the form of a banded African Cobra. Now a cobra behind glass in the zoo is a very interesting sight, especially when you can make faces at it, and rouse it to a frenzied pitch by rattling on the grass with your fingers. But when you're on a narrow track with the grass ten feet high on either side sheltering, goodness only knows how many other snakes, the interest begins to pall. At least that was how I felt about it.

Singing Piccannins

Fortunately, further detail is needless. The limp body was soon dangling on the end of a healthy branch and cast far away—the further the better. And as if to add the finishing touch, the crowd of piccannins came marching up singing with all their African abandon ...

There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright, oh, so bright."

However, a few moments more and the village was gained. With all the courtesy of the native I was shown to my "billet." I gasped! One doesn't look for a ten storey hotel in the wilderness, nor yet for a bungalow. But there almost unbelievable in its tragic significance was a grass roof, excellently supported by four poles, but of walls not a sign. I'm no architect, but at least before the day was out I had the satisfaction of successfully designing and supervising the erection of four walls, which might now be crowned by the roof. To have the latter over one's head is fine, but to have the walls that go with it, is better still.

There are only the shadows of the camp-fire left now. Around this rock they gathered, the whole village

(Continued on page 6)



When paganism yields to the conquering Christ. A typical Rhodesian bush scene, with Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Moffatt on either side of the native chief

The Great Mission of The Salvation Army is to

W IN THE WORLD FOR JESU S

'TIS HARD TO PART

VANCOUVER CITADEL. Large crowds attended the farewell meetings of Major and Mrs. Steele. The Holiness meeting was a sacred time when the presence of God was plainly manifested. Mrs. Steele gave an impressive address and the Major also spoke. Colonel Phillips who had been very close to the River, gave an inspiring message. In the afternoon Bandmaster Lydall and Sergeant-Major Hodgson paid short tributes to our leaders and their accomplishments. At night the Songsters and the Band contributed richly. Major Steele, in his address, gave a vivid portrayal of Christ. Adjutant and Mrs. Waterson, late of the Subscribers Department, who go to take command at New Westminster, also spoke. They have for the last three years been prominently associated with the Corps in various capacities, particularly with the Young People and Corps Cadets.

The final "good-bye" on the Monday evening saw the city and suburban Corps, with their Bands, Songster Brigades and Life-Saving units, gathered to pay tribute to their departing leaders. Major Gillingham, who presided, spoke in high terms of their sterling qualities. Speakers representing various departments, also contributed complimentary addresses. In response Mrs. Steele touchingly spoke of the affection that had welded comradeship at the coast, and the Major gave a stirring and gripping message. He thanked his comrades for their loyal co-operation. The closing moments were sacred indeed, the people testifying with uplifted hand to their determination to "Press on."

A great march followed when, headed by the United Bands, a procession of Soldiers, Young People, and the Life-Saving units, made its way to the station. When the train pulled out Major and Mrs. Steele, with their children, witnessed over five hundred Salvationists and friends playing and singing "God be with you till we meet again."—H.B.

AMONG TENT DWELLERS

MOUNT DENNIS (Adjutant Greatrix, Captain Parsons)—Instead of our usual evening Open-air last Sunday, we started out early to try to bring cheer to those living in the tents on the Eveston Road. The Bandsmen came along and there was plenty of music and singing, as well as testimonies and a message from God's Word. There was a splendid audience of children and many adults stood at their tent-door. Before leaving, each tent was visited and an invitation to the meetings extended. In the inside meeting we said farewell to our Officers, who have been with us two years. Their work is greatly appreciated.

SISTERS LEAD

PARIS (Captain and Mrs. Johnson)—Last week-end we had Major and Mrs. Galway with us. On Sunday Adjutant Wood and the Galt Band were also with us. Much blessing and cheer was given by the Band. Major Galway led the Salvation meeting.

The Band gave a program at the park on Sunday afternoon.

After the meeting another Festival was given on the main street.

On Sunday we had with us Sister Mrs. Smith and Sister Mrs. Newman from Brantford, who conducted open-air and in-door services all day.

Our Officers said farewell. Their stay in Paris has been of blessing to many.—E.F.

TWO FRUITFUL YEARS

ORILLIA. — Commandant and Mrs. White farewelled on Sunday. In the afternoon the Young People's workers arranged a farewell cup of tea, when farewell words were spoken. At night representative speakers spoke very highly of the two years' service of Commandant and Mrs. White. One man came forward for Salvation. In this meeting also three Young People's Bandlads were enrolled as Senior Soldiers. A hearty welcome awaits Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman.—Corres. W. Wisheart.

ON OLD BATTLEGROUND

O S H A W A (Adjutant Mrs. Kettle)—In the meetings led by Brigadier Bloss last Sunday, good crowds were present. The Brigadier is well-known in these parts, and old friends were glad to renew acquaintance.

Our Sunday Open-air meetings are being owned of God. The Band and Songsters are doing good service.

OUTPOST BOMBARDMENT

WOODSTOCK, N.B. (Captain and Mrs. Ritchie)—On Sunday evening two of our Young People were enrolled as Senior Soldiers. Two children were dedicated to God in the Salvation service. At the close the mother of one of the little ones gave her heart to God.

During the past few weeks, the Band has been motoring to different Outposts, cheering and blessing many people with music and song.—G.S.

SOUP AND SALVATION

CORNWALL.—The farewell of our Officers, Commandant and Mrs. Wells, this week-end, attracted large crowds. The last message of the Commandant was an inspiring one. His stay has been a marked success. Apart from spiritual results much social work has been accomplished. He has provided over five thousand meals to transients through the medium of the soup kitchen which he opened. The citizens of the town are one with us in wishing Commandant and Mrs. Wells Godspeed. Major and Mrs. McRae (R) and Mrs. Commandant Adams (R) assisted throughout the week-end. One seeker came back to God. On Tuesday evening Open-air services were held at Aultsville, Farran's Point, and Hell Roche.—C. Holden.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

COCHRANE (Captain Pedersen)—Last Sunday was the 10th Anniversary of our Corps. Adjutant I. Jones, assisted by Bandsman Garnet McFarlane, and the Corps Officer, led. It was a day of blessing and rejoicing, the retrospective views of ten years' along this northern frontier inspired us to trust for even greater things for God and The Army here in the north.

Messages were read from Officers who had been stationed in Cochrane in days gone by, and also from the Field Secretary, who was Divisional Commander in this Division ten years ago, and opened the Cochrane Corps. On Monday night the Young People were to the front. An earnest message was given by Brother Garnet McFarlane and there were two seekers.—P.A.T.

DOUBLE STRENGTH

SHAUNAVON (Captain Leshner, Lieutenant Fitch)—On Sunday we said farewell to our Officers. At night many people stood throughout the whole service. On Thursday a farewell program was given. On Saturday a Home League Sale was held with much success. During the past year our Corps has more than doubled in all branches. The Officers will be greatly missed by the Corps and by the converts won for Christ. On Tuesday the Band "carried on" without Officers and had a fine Open-air meeting, finishing up by accepting an invitation to hold a meeting in a cottage where we felt we were a great blessing. The occupants have little chance of attending a meeting and asked that the new Officers should be taken there to pray with them. A.J.H.

FAREWELLS AD LIB

REGINA CITADEL (Adjutant and Mrs. Fugelsang)—Many farewells took place on Sunday. We missed the Band, which was visiting various places, holding meetings, but the comrades rallied up in good style.

In the afternoon we said farewell to Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Peacock, whom we shall miss. Envoy Peacock, a stalwart Soldier, gave an up-to-date experience. Many appreciative words were spoken of the services of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Peacock, who showed their real Salvationism in their farewell messages.

Farewell messages were also spoken by Adjutant Jones, who is leaving for Winnipeg.

We heard a few parting words from Corps Cadet Bertha Moon, who has been a valuable asset to our Corps, and is going to her home in Saskatoon.

In the closing meeting Adjutant and Mrs. Fugelsang, in saying farewell voiced their praise and gratitude to all who had co-operated so well in the Corps' efforts, and also expressed their firm determination to do the will of God wherever He should lead them. During the closing moments Adjutant Jones brought all near to the Throne of God in his earnest talk, and one Sister knelt at the foot of the Cross.—B.F.S.

A CHORUS FEATURE

ESTEVAN, Saskatchewan (Adjutant Stratton, Lieutenant Ratcliffe)—We were delighted to have Major and Mrs. Merritt with us for a recent week-end. On Sunday morning we went to the hospital for an Open-air meeting. In the Holiness meeting the Major conducted the dedication of the four children of Sister Mrs. Grainger. Mrs. Merritt's words of counsel were gratefully received, while the Major's message was helpful and instructive.

We journeyed to Taykorton in the afternoon to our Company meeting. How the children enjoyed the singing of the action choruses and the playing of the Major's concertina! We returned in time for our own Company meeting in town.

In the evening a splendid march to the Hall was followed by a rousing meeting. The chorus, "Lord, make Calvary real to me," was a feature of all the meetings.

Following the meeting we marched to our Open-air stand, where we held a twilight meeting.

LIEUT.-COMR. HOE. (R)

At St. Catharines—Farewell and Welcome

Two most interesting services were recently led at ST. CATHARINES (Adjutant Jones, Captain Bullough), by Lieut.-Commissioner Hoe (R), the first being a lecture on the work in India, which thrilled all privileged to be present. This was followed by a lantern service, showing how large and important are The Army's operations in India. The second night was devoted to a lecture on the early fighting days of The Army in Old London. The Commissioner's visit was much appreciated and enjoyed.

With very much regret, we have just said farewell to Adjutant and Mrs. Larmann. During their stay they were always untiring in their efforts and won the respect of all classes.

The services being held in the Jail, the Old Poets' Home, Hospital, and the Sanatorium continue to be of much help and comfort.

Songster - Sergeant Mrs. Thompson looks after the personal visitation in those places, also leaving behind copies of "The War Cry," which are eagerly looked for. Last Sunday, being the last Sunday of our Officers, the Band journeyed to the Niagara Sanatorium (on Merrittville Highway), where they gave an hour's program of music and song, the rendering of many old hymns being enjoyed.

We heartily welcome into our midst Adjutant Jones and Captain Bullough, whom we sincerely hope and pray may be the means of much blessing in each branch of the Corps.

SUMMER VISITORS

VICTORIA, B.C. (Adjutant and Mrs. Thiersten)—The advice given to Victoria folk by a visiting Missionary Officer, that those in need of rest should try a change of work, is surely a good prescription, for after all the weary tramping and climbing of steps while "S.-D." collecting, Officers and comrades are attacking their various duties with renewed energy. Tired feelings soon vanished with the sight of seekers at the Penitent-form, three coming out after the Altar service, and others on following Sunday nights. A grand "finish-up" to the Effort was given in the Citadel when Adjutant Sharp presented "A Trip Through Europe," and also showed the completed figures of the collections on the screen. Adjutant Thiersten also read the list of names of collectors and the amounts secured by both Senior and Junior Soldiers and the city Officers.

The Songster Brigade assisted Major and Mrs. Fullerton with a program at the Colquitz Mental Home recently, and also paid a visit to the Douglas Street Baptist Church, being heartily welcomed at both places.

Summer visitors are with us again. Captain and Mrs. Chapman and a party of Nanaimo comrades motored down to say adieu to Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Henry. Corps Secretary Bullock, of Lethbridge, gave his testimony on a recent Sunday, and old friends of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. McLean (R) were pleased to see them en route to California, although sorry to learn that the visit was occasioned through an accident to the son residing there.—A.E.T.

A STRENUOUS TERM

On Sunday Adjutant and Mrs. Dorin bade farewell to SASKATOON. They will take up their new appointment at Fort William, after furlough. They will be succeeded here by Ensign and Mrs. Morrison, of Vancouver. The Ensign was a Cadet for training at this Corps.

The farewelling Officers brought this Corps through one of the most strenuous periods in its history. Their work was done in sincerity, and their standard of holy living always a high one. The fruits of their labors shall show forth after many days.

Temple Young People!

PORT DALHOUSIE Thursday, July 14th

Particulars from Y.P.S.-M. F. Cocking, ME 8231, or Corps Officer, GE 9173

Everybody Heartily Invited

ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

Visitors Take Part in Celebrations

SAULT STE. MARIE II (Captain and Mrs. Renshaw)—Last Thursday evening we commemorated the 11th anniversary of the opening of our Corps. This was a united meeting and we were delighted to have as visitors Captain and Mrs. Webster and Lieutenant Price and comrades of Sault, Michigan, and also Major and Mrs. Hillier and comrades of No. 1. The visiting Officers each gave a short message. Messages were read from former Commanding Officers, also from Cadet Manzutti, who entered the Training Garrison from this Corps last year.

On Sunday farewell services were held, Captain and Mrs. Renshaw saying "good-bye." In the evening representative speakers spoke words of farewell and appreciation of our Officers' faithful labors. On Tuesday evening the final farewell meeting was held, at which a splendid crowd attended.—Busy Bee.

UNITED AT SYDNEY MINES

Major Owen conducted a united meeting in the SYDNEY MINES Citadel (Ensign and Mrs. Wells) on a recent Monday night, being assisted by the Officers from North Sydney and Florence. A good crowd gathered and much blessing was obtained.—J. R. Simpson.

HEARTY GODSPEED

LETHBRIDGE, Alta.—Sunday last witnessed the farewell of our Officers. A good crowd assembled in the morning meeting and listened attentively to the "Godspeeds" of different Locals to Adjutant and Mrs. McEachern who have labored with us devotedly for two years. Each wished the farewelling Officers much success in their new field of service. An eventide service was held in the Galt Gardens, when a final farewell address was given by the Adjutant. Large crowds attended the services.—L.T.

SHORT BUT SWEET

GLACE BAY is having its share of farewells of late. And this time it is Commandant and Mrs. Lodge, who have been with us for only six months. The Commandant, who had been in the worst of health for the last two weeks, braced himself and, assisted by Mrs. Lodge, conducted the services, delivering a forceful address at night, with the result that three sought the Saviour.

During their stay the Officers proved themselves worthy, laboring most willingly in very trying circumstances for the advancement of God's Kingdom and the winning of souls, and many have been brought to a better understanding of Christian ideals. To Mrs. Lodge falls a great deal of credit for her interest in the Young People's work. The Corps prays that God will restore them to perfect health as they take needed rest.

FIREMEN AND TOWN BAND SAY "GOOD-BYE"

KIRKLAND LAKE (Captain Homewood, Lieutenant Gray)—We had a victorious time last Sunday. In the morning one seeker volunteered to the Mercy seat. At night the firemen and town band paraded to the Hall to say "Good-bye" to our farewelling Officers. Many other friends were present, the Hall being filled to capacity. All united in wishing the departing Officers Godspeed.—E.M.

FROM PLEASANT PASTURES

MOUNT PLEASANT (Ensign and Mrs. Morrison)—On Sunday our Officers farewelled. The Holiness meeting brought to all a fresh touch from the Holy Spirit. In the praise-meeting Sister Cattle Watt received a cordial welcome as a Soldier of this Corps, and our Bandmaster received an additional Service Bar. The Band was also presented with a new trombone. A happy session of testimony followed. At night the Ensign gave his final message, making an earnest appeal to the unsaved and urging the Soldiers to be true. Mrs. Ensign Morrison also gave a final message. A number of Locals, representing various units of the Corps, paid tribute to our Corps leaders' excellent stewardship. On Saturday a farewell Musical Festival was given by the combinations led by Bandmaster T. W. Mills and Songster-Leader Bert Ramsey. On Tuesday following a march to the depot, we said "adieu" to our departing Officers.—Hallelujah Mac.

ARMY ROAD-MAKERS

British Columbian Salvationists
Roll Up Their Sleeves to Good
Effect

FOR some time past efforts have been made to get the government to put the road between The Salvation Army village of Glen Vowell and Hazelton, in British Columbia, in good repair, but without success. Recently, however, the matter has received further consideration from the authorities, and a grant of two hundred dollars was made for the purpose.

Hazelton and the adjoining village of Glen Vowell are Salvation Army native centres, a Corps being established at the former and a school at the latter. The Army at these places is therefore vitally interested in the matter of good roads.

Ensign Parkinson, in charge of Glen Vowell, had enlisted the help of the native Soldiers, and with the aid of the aforesaid grant, a gang of workers toiled early and late to put the road in shape. While operations were in progress, the government representative happened along and noted, with some surprise, that the Ensign was hard at it with the natives, perspiring freely at the job.

Finally, he said, "Well, if that's the sort of example The Army can set our native people, I am going to recommend an extra hundred dollars to be placed on the grant. It will be well worth it." He was as good as his word.

The road is now well on the way to a good finish, and communication between the two villages is well established.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 2)

FRIDAY

"We have waited for Him, and He will save us: This is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad in His Salvation."—Isaiah 25:9.

Blest are the humble souls that wait

With sweet submission to His will;

Harmonious all their passions move,

And in the midst of storms are still.

Let us sing Song number 786.

SATURDAY

"I would have you without carefulness."—1 Corinthians 7:32.

"O Lord, how happy should we be

If we could cast our care on Thee,

If we from self could rest;

And feel at heart that One above,

In perfect wisdom, perfect love,

Is working for the best.

Let us sing Song number 772.

London Boys' Home Extension

Men's Social Secretary Opens New Recreation Room

THE boys at The Army's Boys' Home, in London, had a great time on Tuesday last, when a new recreation room, which has been added to the building, was opened.

The Commissioner has shown a very keen interest in this Home and the boys there ever since coming to the Territory, and has made a number of improvements at considerable expense. The latest improvement is the new play room. The Commissioner was much concerned about the lack of facilities for playing indoors when weather conditions made outdoor play impossible. Recently he decided that this lack must be met, and gave orders for the building of the necessary addition.

The Superintendent, Adjutant Brewer, quickly put the work in hand, and after two months' hard toil, the building was ready for opening.

Lieut.-Colonel Sims, the Men's Social Secretary, presided over the opening festivities, when over three hundred interested friends gathered in the spacious grounds in which the Home is situated, and which are

strewn with shady trees, bright flower-beds, and—what delighted the boys most of all—swings and see-saws.

The service opened with "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," and the thirty odd boys who live in the Home, joined lustily in the singing, evidently fully agreeing that it was a blessing indeed to have room to romp indoors without damaging furniture.

The Colonel gave a brief outline of the purposes of the Home, explaining how Mr. Gray, who was present, had given the first Children's Home to The Army, and expressed the wish that Mr. Gray should be the first to enter the new recreation room.

Lieut.-Commissioner Hoe (R), who was also present, offered prayer and dedicated the new addition, after which Mr. Gray opened the door and declared the building open. Captain Shales, on behalf of The Army, presented Mr. Gray with a bouquet of roses, to take to his wife, who is bed-ridden.

For two hours the friends, in turn, were given the opportunity of inspecting the various rooms of the

adverse social and economic conditions.

"The whole history of our social laws, stretching back for a thousand years or more, testifies to the fact that penal codes fail to reform the individual.

"On the other hand, we have seen the lives of men and women who were hardened in crime, as well as those who might be regarded as first offenders, changed by human sympathy, the light of Truth, and the work of Divine Grace."

With regard to the new detention proposals, it is interesting to note an experiment recently launched in Ceylon. In that island, which is evidently not averse to new ideas, a Magistrates' Club has been established. Membership is compulsory, for one year as a minimum, and for "entrance fee" is ten strokes of the birch!

Instead of being sent to prison, young offenders are "elected" members of the Magistrates' Club. They have to report once a month to a Salvation Army Officer who, while seeing that they are tidy and generally up to the club standards in cleanliness and deportment, does not fail to add that spiritual counsel which is essential to permanent reformation.

This Ceylonese experiment, something more than the ordinary Probation and less than Borstal or the new proposed Detention sentence, has in it the seeds of success inasmuch as it is a happy union of punishment, comradeship, humor, discipline, and spiritual counsel.

WESTWARD HO!

Toronto East Divisional Leaders Say Good-Bye

BRIGADIER and Mrs. Ritchie farewelled from the Toronto East Division at a crowded united gathering, conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Bladin, in the Danforth Citadel. Both the Brigadier and his wife have endeared themselves to the Officers and Soldiers of the Division by their consistent and cheerful service in their midst.

The Riverdale Band and East Toronto Songsters were on hand in full force. A number of representative speakers, including Captain Evenden on behalf of the Officers, Sister Mrs. Young, of North Toronto, representing the Songsters and Bandsmen, and Sergeant-Major Bradley, of Riverdale, who spoke for the Local Officers, expressed their hearty appreciation of the courageous leadership of the farewelling Officers.

Both the Brigadier and Mrs. Ritchie gave encouraging farewell messages, referring appreciatively to the comrades of the Division, and urging a continued zeal in the war.

It was rather a delightful arrangement which made it possible for the Brigadier to enrol his daughter, Ruby, as a Senior Soldier on this occasion.

NEW PREMISES

We would call the attention of "War Cry" readers to the fact that The Army's Immigration Office in Toronto, is now situated in the Victoria and Dundas Building. Adjutant Isabell Murray continues as the Immigration representative in Toronto, and the Immigration Department is in a position to take care of the travel needs of Salvationists and friends who are travelling to the Old Land or other parts.

Home, and spent a happy social time on the illuminated lawn, enjoying refreshments, while the Citadel Band, under Bandmaster McGregor, rendered bright music.

Adjutant and Mrs. Brewer and the Home Officers, are grateful to the Band for its whole-hearted assistance.

PERSISTENT OFFENDERS

The Army's Viewpoint Concerning the Recent British
Government Report

THE report of the Departmental Committee on Persistent Offenders, appointed by the British Government, just issued, has been read with much interest by the many Salvationists who have intimate experience of this unfortunate class of the community (says the British "War Cry").

The great advance made toward a humane and constructive handling of a most difficult problem are indicated by the reference to the need for considering the mental condition of offenders. "There is reason to believe," states the report, "that certain delinquents may be amenable to psychological treatment."

For such progress since the days of John Howard we give fervent thanks. At the same time, The Army cannot but feel a sense of disappointment that the report has not placed equal stress upon a spiritual ministry in dealing with persistent offenders.

The Root Problem

While the influence of a healthy, uplifting environment and of mental analysis and training are not held in question for one moment, these do not touch the root problem of the inherent sinfulness of the human heart. Permanent reformation can only begin with repentance and a resolute turning away of the spirit of man from the lower desires of his nature, which turning is an opportunity for the cleansing and converting power of Divine grace.

The possibilities of conversion are not denied by an organization so closely concerned with environment and the physical attributes of man as is the Eugenic Society, and we are convinced that until the spiritual aspect of reform is fully provided for there is little hope of permanent success for the most hardened.

The Army's willingness to prove its convictions was evidenced by the suggestion made to this Commission that the General should be allowed to take over a prison full of delinquents. Success achieved with the Criminal Tribes in India could, it is still felt, be repeated by the same methods in Great Britain.

"While we believe that wrongdoers should be punished" (we quote from The Army's evidence submitted to the Committee), "we think that the persistent offender is often not the mere product of his own perversity of will, but the product of

A Weekly Letter

To My Prison Friends

No. 17.—"Gold His God"

Dear Friend:—

The first commandment — "Only one God." Men worship many gods—money, pleasure, horses, stocks, position, adornment, home, wife, children. These things come first in their lives, and they worship them rather than the Living God. We are told not to set our affections on things on earth; God wants our affection.

J—K—made the stock market his god—and he crashed! S—R—made the race-track his god—he lost a business! L—S—made his earthly home and family his god, and they were taken from him. K—B—made money his god, and here begins a sad story.

I knew him when he had a good start, when his heart inclined towards his Father, God. He should have finished well, but—and this little word makes all the difference. He wanted to "Get rich quick." He said he would yet be a millionaire.

When arrested he tried to get men of influence to intercede. Even his wife could not get him out of the tangle. He wriggled every way, but his folly had ruined him in body and mind. To-day he receives mental treatment in an institution; he whom God had created after His own image, and who gave such promise of a useful life.

K—B—allowed the lust for money (which he cannot use) to blight his whole career.

How useful money is to meet our everyday needs; but some crave for more, and more, and yet more. In craving for this over-abundance, are they not like the Bible character of whom we read, who said, "I will pull down my barns and build greater"? Our Master said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." The world is full of such fools, who are to-day reaping the results of their folly.

If we took a census, would you be one to say, "You are right, it was my madness for money that got me in this jam? I made money my god, and I got it by 'fair means or foul.'"

Next Week—How T. H. broke the second commandment.—N.R.T.

* * * Bordeaux Jail.

N.R.T.—

% Editor, "War Cry."

Dear Friend:—

I have been greatly helped by your letters every week. This is my first time in trouble, and I have a little wife who still believes in me. It won't be long now before we are making a fresh start.

The Army Officers visit us and their services have been a great help, and I will carry out the good advice in your letters. I am reading every word in "The War Cry" each week. Many thanks for all you have done, R.A.

THE LURE OF

THE LONG GRASS

(Continued from page 3)

gone "Salvation Army." Here I stood to proclaim that message that will rouse Africa from the lethargy of her darkness. Here something besides the dew has moistened the grass; here knelt the penitents. Somehow, by the operation of the Spirit, whom we call the Comforter, it was given to them to understand the story of life that shall endless be. And whilst the night deepens the sighing sounds of Africa's dark are heard saying:

"The night cometh when no man can work."

This, then, is the lure of the long grass, and locked within it lies the greatness of the missionary's God-appointed task. For this distance is nothing, there is no such thing as sacrifice, time is no object, life itself is the price, for here,

The sun can mirror His glorious face,

In the dewdrop on the sod,

And the humblest negro heart reflect

The life and love of God.

WEDDING BELLS RING

Captain Walter Gerard and Lieutenant Mary Dejeet Join Hands

The New Aberdeen Citadel recently was the scene of a very interesting wedding, when Captain Walter Gerard was united in the bonds of matrimony to Lieutenant Mary Dejeet. The bride was accompanied by her sister, Captain Martha Dejeet, while Ensign Green, of New Waterford, was "best man."

The ceremony was conducted by Major Owen, the Divisional Commander, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends, the Hall being nicely decorated for the occasion.

The New Waterford Band was also in attendance. The Home League members served a dainty luncheon afterwards.

A number of comrades spoke words of congratulation to the happy couple, and paid high tribute to their character and service.

These young Officers are well-known in this part of the Division, Captain Gerard being a product of the New Waterford Corps, and his wife hailing from New Aberdeen.

Captain and Mrs. Gerard are now in charge of Pictou Corps. May God's richest blessing rest upon them as they go forth to labor for souls.—P.H.C.C.

AN UXBRIDGE WORTHY

Sergeant Mary Smith, Now a Septuagenarian, has a Splendid Record of Service

Fifty-one years ago Sergeant Mary Smith, of Uxbridge, was requested to read the Bible to a Christian man who was dying. While reading, God's most marvellous light came into her heart, and later she accepted Jesus Christ as her Saviour.

This grand old warrior joined a denomination in Uxbridge, but later was led to work for God in The Army. She "enlisted" at the time the Corps was first opened in Uxbridge, and has spent all the intervening years in valiant service for God.

In the past year "Sergeant," as she is affectionately called, has done most courageous service, not only as a special "War Cry" boomer, but also in collecting for The Army's work. "I cannot do all that I would like to do," the Sergeant now says, but we sincerely thank God for the splendid courage and example of one who is a child of the King.

She is now seventy-six years of age. The accompanying photograph was taken about twenty years ago; but God has wonderfully preserved "Sergeant," and the dear old lady has hardly altered at all during the intervening years.

"I feel I cannot do justice to this fine Salvationist," says Lieutenant Robert White, the Corps Officer, in forwarding these particulars. "She is a wonderful woman, ever loyal to God. Her influence is widespread."

FIRST DEDICATION SERVICE

FORT ERIE NORTH (Captain Watt, Lieutenant Gooding)—On Tuesday we had the pleasure of having Captain and Mrs. Ford to conduct a meeting. The Captain dedicated the infant son of Corps Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Speakman. Many who were present had never seen a dedication service before, and were quite impressed by it.

Captain and Mrs. Ford sang a duet, followed by a message from the Captain. Two rousing Open-Airs were held before the meeting.

SATISFACTION— TRUE AND ABIDING

The Only Way is to be found in Three things:
Fellowship with God,
Denial of Self; and the
Service of Others



THE GENERAL

FROM the cradle to the grave, the majority of the human race is engaged in one long search for happiness, for satisfaction of the cravings of man's many-sided nature. But how few obtain it in any lasting measure! The reasons are not far to seek. Man is not made to find happiness within himself, nor satisfaction in the pursuit of his own ends and pleasure. We are made after the image of God, and can find true and abiding satisfaction only in Him and in the doing of His will.

Another reason arises out of that which I have mentioned. When a man has really found God, he soon discovers his fellowmen. He realizes that most of all they lack what he has found, the source of true, abiding satisfaction. He learns from Jesus Christ the blessedness of the denial of self, and of the service of others. "He that would be great among you shall be servant of all."

"In these three things—fellowship with God, denial of self, and the service of others—you have the only key to that true life and abiding satisfaction which God intended man to enjoy.

All human experience bears witness to this. Yet how slow men are to accept and build their lives upon this truth. Are you doing so, my friend? Are you living your life in God—in harmony with His laws and purposes for you? If you are, you will wish above all things to express your love for Him in terms of service for your fellowmen.

Everywhere opportunities exist which call aloud for disinterested service. In the slum areas of our crowded cities, in the non-Christian countries of the world—opportunities to minister to the suffering in body, and in mind; opportunities with boys and girls whose hearts and minds are so readily susceptible to good or evil; opportunities for telling a world borne along in passionate search for happiness in directions which must inevitably end in dissolution, of the love of God as revealed in the gift of His Son Jesus Christ.

Here, I declare to every young man and woman who may listen to me, is work which will fill your life with a satisfaction such as nothing else is capable of giving, and which will reward you with pleasure hereafter, which will endure when every phase of earth has perished for ever.

The foregoing message, one of two which The General has given to phonograph recording, may be secured from the Trade Department, 20 Albert Street, Toronto. You may, by this means, have The Army's International Leader speaking to you at your own fireside.

Take me, O my Father, take me

Take me, O my Father, take me!

Take me, save me, through Thy Son;

That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,

Let Thy will in me be done.

Long from Thee my footsteps straying,

Thorny proved the way I trod;

Weary come I now, and praying,

Take me to Thy love, my God!

Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;

At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

Freely now to Thee I proffer
This repenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.

Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest!

"GOD HAS SENT YOU"

A Western Canada Story Which Tells of a Promise Remarkably Fulfilled

THAT enheartening promise of Scripture which assures us that "all things work together for good," was strikingly verified in an incident in which one of our veteran Western Officers recently figured.

This comrade, Mrs. Colonel Coombs (R), who lives in retirement in Vancouver, had occasion to see an Officer's wife off at the depot and, owing to some misunderstanding, was inadvertently carried by the train on to a junction some miles along the line.

Here she bade her companion goodbye, and found to her dismay that the stopping-place was a considerable distance from the nearest town. On making enquiry she discovered that several hours would elapse before she could leave the place.

Those who know Mrs. Coombs will readily imagine that she at once took the Heavenly Father into her confidence, and received her instructions. She would take a look at the settlement and visit a home or two!

Leaving the railroad-track our comrade proceeded along a foot-path, when she observed a woman gazing wishfully at her uniform. Prompted by an impulse, she greeted her, and found her to be in great trouble. The woman at once unburdened her mind, and found the Salvationist a comforter and counsellor. "You don't know how much you have helped me today," she said gratefully, in giving expression to her thanks. "God must have sent you to me."

A sudden thought appeared to strike her, and she asked Mrs. Coombs if she would visit a woman living in a house some distance along the road. "She is in sorrow, too," she added.

Our comrade quite readily acquiesced and a walk brought the pair to the house mentioned. A knock brought the occupant to the door. To the amazement of the visitors, she burst into a cry and, calling our comrade by name, exclaimed, "Oh, I am so glad you have come, God has surely sent you here." It then transpired that the woman had been a Salvationist twenty years ago in Calgary, where she had met Mrs. Coombs, and had received much blessing from her ministrations. Now she was in deep sorrow and, in addition to other troubles, had just lost her husband.

The woman also related how she had had a strange dream during the previous night, in which a Salvationist had come to visit her in her distress. This was the more remarkable as but rarely was this out-of-the-way spot visited by The Army.

So our comrade was able to pray with, bless and cheer these two poor troubled souls, and at the close of the day they saw to it that their welcome visitor was put on a conveyance for the city. Our comrade certainly believes that all things work together for good to those that love the Lord and have faith in His leadings.

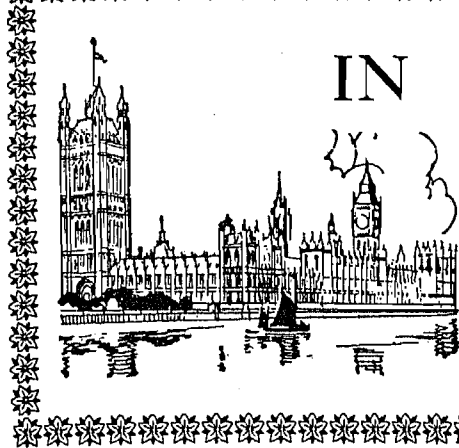
SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS

FOUR women, residents of St. Vital, a suburb of Winnipeg, recently drove up to the main entrance of Sunset Lodge, The Army's exceedingly well-managed eventide home for aged women. Their car was loaded with great bunches of fragrant peonies which they presented to the Matron, Mrs. Major Allan, for the Institution.

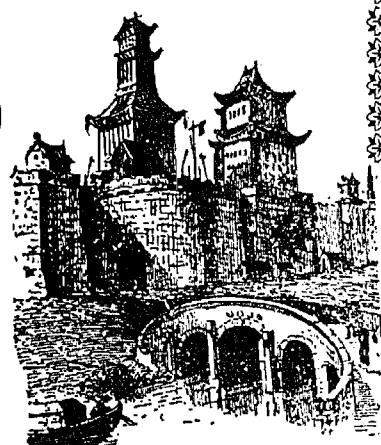
To the intense delight of the forty aged inmates there were enough of the queenly blossoms to be placed in almost every room of the Institution. Needless to add, the friends who had made the gift were highly pleased with their visit to the Lodge and were recipients of hearty thanks from the Matron on behalf of the staff and inmates.

The charming incident was the sequel to an invitation given several months ago by the members of a church organization in St. Vital to Major and Mrs. Allan to conduct a service with the young People, and which was willingly accepted.

***** UNDER THE ARMY FLAG *****



IN Other Lands



SALVATION ON THE EQUATOR

"IN THE FASHION" — HALL REPLACES CANVAS CITADEL—SOCIAL ENDEAVOR IN NAIROBI

WORLD'S LARGEST PRISON Lieut.-Commissioner Benwell in Shanghai

I WAS happy to see the progress made by The Army in Shanghai (writes Lieut.-Commissioner Benwell to Commissioner Peyron, describing his journey to Peking, where he recently arrived to take command of The Army's work in China). At the Hostel for Europeans we were very well received. A shelter for Chinese ex-prisoners is directed by a Chinese Officer and two assistants. There have been as many as twenty-seven men at the same time in this Shelter, and a good work is being achieved.

The Regional Officer (Major Darby, an Englishman who speaks Chinese well) has free access to the prison of the International Concession. This is possibly the largest prison of the world, for it accommodates eight thousand unfortunates.

I visited all the buildings of this sad establishment and was able to talk to seventeen prisoners who were to be liberated on the following day.

We passed through endless wards filled with condemned people. What a terrible spectacle! Each person wears a suit indicating the length of his term of imprisonment.

Amongst others there is an old man who in three days' time is to be liberated after twenty years in prison. The Army will help him to "find life anew." Seventeen men were awaiting execution.

Several representative people of this international city greeted us. The French Consul-General, M. Meurier, as also the Ambassador for Great Britain, Sir Miles Lampson, received us very kindly. I was invited to speak at a meeting at which the subject of discussion was: "Wherein consists Spiritual Life?" Anglicans, Luthans, "Reformed" Jews, Mohammedans, Taoists, Buddhists, and a Salvationist spoke!

AN INDIAN FRIEND

SIR DORABJI TATA, who has passed away at Kissingen, was a son of Mr. Jamsetji N. Tata, founder of the grand Parsee firm of that name and a warm friend of The Army from its earliest days.

When Commissioner Booth-Tucker conceived the idea of silk culture as a means of helping the needy in India, he approached Mr. Tata on the matter, and found him in complete agreement with his ideas. The Commissioner experimented in the kitchen of his Quarters at Simla with considerable numbers of cocoons, and Sir Dorabji Tata presented to The Army a silk farm at Bangalore. This became The Army's first Silk Farm in India. From this sprang an important branch of Army activity.

THE SINGER IN THE BOOK

When Hugh Redwood, President of the Goodwill League, visited Bristol Cathedral on a recent Saturday, to give an inspiring testimony before 1,500 people, Sister Jewell, now over seventy years old, sang, "I have a Saviour." She is the Salvationist referred to in "God in the Shadows," who sang the same solo thirty-one years ago when the author entered Bristol Citadel for the first time.

DESCRIBING the seekers for Salvation seen in East Africa, Brigadier Bigwood, the General Secretary, writes:

"The majority of the seekers are usually men, but among the surrenders this morning are several women, and one in particular attracts attention. Obviously she has come in from the reserve. Wristlets and armlets reach almost from the wrist to the shoulder; anklets pile one on top of the other above the ankle; rows of necklaces hang around the neck, while rather crude trinkets hang from her ear-lobes, pierced and extended since childhood so that ornaments might be fastened to them. A European Officer's wife is speaking to her, and as one passes the kneeling pair it is gathered that the African woman is being persuaded to remove her 'adornments' as an evidence of her determination to lead a new life."

A week after the inauguration of

the Bramwell Booth Commemoration Buildings (already described, and to which Canadian Salvationists generously contributed), a Hall was opened at Nakuru by the Provincial Commissioner, Mr. Welby, who was supported by several Army friends who reside in the district.

Interest was added to this opening by the fact that previously Salvationists at Nakuru were compelled to hold meetings in a tent, which was hardly adequate, but which served its purpose until it finally succumbed beneath the ravages of sun, rain, and wind. In view of this the Soldiers of the Corps are more than usually grateful to International Headquarters for providing the money to erect the Hall, and they showed their appreciation in a practical way by working hard to get the surrounding ground properly cleaned up and laid out before the opening ceremony.

(Continued at foot of column 4)

A COOK'S EXPERIENCE

Famous Chef in Paris

Needy folk succored by The Army in Paris are served by a cook with royal connections. M. Georges Douay was formerly chef to Queen Alexandra (states a contemporary).

M. Douay remembers the day before the war when the Prince of Wales came to him for a slice of cake. His chief pride is a photograph of a birthday cake he made for Queen Alexandra in 1912. It weighed 80 lbs. and represented a cliff with tiny houses perched upon it. Boats floated on the icy sugar sea and electrically-lighted trains ran through almond-ice tunnels.

In those days M. Douay travelled everywhere with King Edward and the Queen, and even went abroad with them. Shortly before the war, at Corfu, he made a special cake for the Kaiser.

WHY THE "COP" KNEW A Good Story from Sydney

A man who had been unemployed for several months, and had become destitute, one morning sold his last possession of value so that he could pay the previous night's account for bed and a meal, and then asked a taxi driver if he knew of a garage where he might find employment. While they were talking, a friendly policeman approached, and on learning the man's story pointed across the road, and said: "Over there is The Salvation Army. Ask them to send you to their Men's Home. You will get a 'fair go' there—three good meals a day, a clean bed, and plenty of soap and water."

Then his advice became a personal testimony, for he added, "I was there myself twenty years ago, and now you see I am wearing this uniform."

At the Home the man was received with every attention, and he was at once accorded a shelter until such time as he can secure employment.

From the Sydney "War Cry."

IN FESTIVAL AND KITCHEN

Nine seekers were registered at the close of a festival given in London by the East Dulwich Band in aid of the Arnott Street Slum Post, and in which Brother Hugh Redwood, the chairman, conducted a prayer-meeting. One soul sought Salvation in the kitchen at the Officers' Quarters recently.

The Nairobi Social Hostels continue to be of great assistance where needy Europeans are concerned. A French mother with a family of three, for instance, was taken into one of them some time ago. The Army also assisted in securing their repatriation.

Recently a respectable young married couple were taken to Headquarters. The husband, it transpired, was an experienced business man, his wife an accomplished pianist, but they had actually slept in an empty house for want of a better resting-place. The Army, however, is caring for them until some settlement is made with regard to their future.



One of the arresting picture scrolls used in meetings in China. The central text, written on the open Bible, and which the pictures illustrate, is from Isaiah 61:1-2, "The Lord hath anointed me to preach the good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn." The characters printed on the Cross signify "Jesus liberates sin's slaves." This pictorial method of conveying the Salvation message to the Chinese, many of whom cannot read, proves most effective



COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander,

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All Editorial communications should be
addressed to the Editor.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS:

Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Peacock, to be Di-
visional Commander, Montreal and
Ottawa Division.
Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Burrows, to be Di-
visional Commander, Toronto East Di-
vision.
Brigadier H. Ritchie, to be Divisional
Commander, Manitoba and N.W. On-
tario Division.
Major G. Best, to be Divisional Com-
mander, London and Windsor Division.
Major A. L. Steele, to be Divisional Com-
mander, North and Mid-Ontario Di-
vision.
Major A. Dalziel, to be Divisional Com-
mander, Southern British Columbia Di-
vision.
Brigadier Wm. Cummins, to Winnipeg
Men's Hostel.
Brigadier Geo. Smith, to Montreal Men's
Metropole.
Brigadier A. Bristow, to Windsor Men's
Hostel.
Major Thos. H. Dray, to Calgary Chil-
dren's Home.
Major Wm. Oake, to Manitoba Subscribers
Work.
Major John Wright, to Ottawa Men's
Social.
Major Chris. Sparks, to be Chief Assist-
ant, Field Department.
Major L. Ursaki, to be Chancellor, Lon-
don and Windsor Division.
Staff-Captain Geo. Wilson, to be Chan-
cellor, Toronto East Division.
Staff-Captain A. Keith, to be Divisional
Young People's Secretary, Toronto West
Division.
Staff-Captain W. Putt, to Territorial
Headquarters (Editorial).
Adjutant Webber, to Men's Social (Sher-
bourne Street).
Adjutant Lily Knight, to Men's Social
(Richmond Street).
Adjutant Grace Cooper, to Montreal Di-
visional Headquarters.
Adjutant Daisy Stevens, to Territorial
Headquarters (Finance Department).
Adjutant Nettle Stevenson, to be Helper,
Toronto West Division.
Captain Tessie Garnett, to Toronto West
Division.
Captain Howard Fisher, to Men's Social,
London.
Adjutant Whitehead, to be Helper, North
and Mid-Ontario Division.
Captain Milton Piffrey, to Territorial
Headquarters.

TO BE ADJUTANT:

Ensign Lena Richardson.
Ensign Laura Collins.

TO BE CAPTAIN:

Lieutenant Sylvia Bougard.
Lieutenant Kenneth Graham.
Lieutenant Victor McLean.
Lieutenant Herbert McCombs.
Lieutenant Rose Park.
Lieutenant Fred Poulton.
Lieutenant Annie Trickett.

MARRIAGES:

Captain Walter Gerard, out from New
Waterford, 4.7.27, stationed at Cochrane,
and Lieutenant Mary Dejeet, out from
New Aberdeen, 28.6.28, last appointment
St. John Hospital, on June 15th, 1932,
at New Aberdeen, by Major E. Owen.
Captain John Geiger, out from Hespeler,
4.7.27, stationed at London Men's Social,
and Captain Stella Fowler, out from
Hespeler, 4.7.27, last appointment Ham-
ilton Hospital, on June 22nd, 1932, at
Hespeler, by Lieut.-Colonel E. Sims.

JAMES HAY,
Commissioner.

HOLLAND INSPIRED

Harvest from Field Day Led by The Chief of the Staff

Encouraging news is being received
concerning the effects of the Officers'
and Field Day meetings which the
Chief of the Staff conducted in Hol-
land last week. Among the letters to
hand is one from Lieut.-Commission-
er Vias, the Territorial Commander,
stating that from all over the country
he was receiving tidings of the new
impetus given to the soul-saving
work of The Army. On the Sunday
following the gatherings, many seek-
ers knelt at The Army's Penitent-
forms. In one Corps twenty-seven
came forward.

"FOR THAT WE LOVE YOU!"

THE GENERAL and MRS. HIGGINS

Welcomed home after globe-girdling journey, in
which well-established traditions have been mag-
nificently upheld—Royal greetings and civic and
religious tribute paid to all classes in
Metropolitan Gathering

(By Cable)

ON SATURDAY the General and Mrs. Higgins, looking
bronzed, exceedingly fit and radiantly happy, were welcomed
by the Chief of the Staff at Dover. On their arrival in
London, from the 34,000-mile journey, they found themselves in
a dense assembly of joyful Salvationists.

When, on Monday, the General met the leading Officers at
Clapton, the Chief of the Staff voiced the feelings of his comrades
when he declared:

"We rejoice that you have so magnificently upheld the tradi-
tions established by The Army Founder and our Second General.
For that we love you!"

In his reply the General said: "I come back more than ever in
love with soul-saving!"

On Founder's Day the General and Mrs. Higgins were honored
at a luncheon in the historic Fishmongers' Hall in the city. The
Lord Mayor of London, as President, read a message from the
Prince of Wales. The large, representative and influential
gathering included the Bishop of London, the Right Honorable J.
H. Whitley, the Chief Rabbi, the President of the Free Churches,
the Maharajah of Burdwan, and Sir William Jowett. The General's
speech, which made a profound impression, was broadcast.

—HENRY W. MAPP, Chief of the Staff.

THE General and Mrs. Higgins
on their journey back to Eng-
land, from Australia, made a
call at Ceylon. A despatch from
Colombo, describing their few hours
ashore in Ceylon, states:

"Looking hale and vigorous after
their strenuous campaign in the
Antipodes, the General and Mrs. Hig-
gins caught a glimpse of the Orient,
when they sailed into Colombo Har-
bor. The Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Colonel Carter, and Mrs.
Carter, with leading Officers, went
out to the liner and, giving them
rousing greetings, brought them
ashore for an hour or two of change
from life at sea.

"During the short time that the
steamer was in harbor, the General
and Mrs. Higgins met The Army
Officers in Colombo.

"Cingalese women-Officers sang a
welcome song, garlanded the General,
and presented flowers to Mrs. Higgins
according to the custom of the island.

"Giving a thrilling résumé of their
campaign, the General announced
that 1,700 seekers had been register-
ed during the many meetings they
had conducted.

"The hearts of all comrades work-
ing in this colorful, but testing Field
of Army warfare, were cheered by
the confident and powerful messages
which the General had for them, and
their affection was unrestrainedly
displayed."

A great public welcome to the
General and Mrs. Higgins will be
combined with the National Musical
Festivals and Founder's Day celebra-
tions, to be held on Saturday, July
9th.

A spectacular welcome to the
General and Mrs. Higgins is being
arranged at the commencement of
the night festival. Groups represent-
ing Australia, New Zealand, Canada,
the United States and Hawaii will
precede them as they walk up the
Central Transept to the platform.
Commissioners and other Officers will
accompany them, and trumpeters will
herald their approach. A thousand
Bandsmen seated on the Orchestra
will express their welcome in playing
the "Old Hundredth." A representa-
tive group of Army activities in
Great Britain will meet the General
on the platform and present an ad-
dress of welcome.

ICELAND CONGRESS

Interview with the Premier

Colonel Holmes, Major Hal Beckett,
the new Divisional Commander for
Iceland and the Faroe Islands, Mrs.
Beckett and their family, with Adj-
utant Constance Taylor and Captain
Ethel Graham, have arrived in Rey-
kjavik, Iceland. The Annual Congress
is now being held under the leader-
ship of Colonel Holmes.

An Officers' gathering and Open-
air meeting and an evening meeting
in the beautiful Hall attached to the
Headquarters were held on the day
of arrival. For the final gathering of
the day, the Hall was packed.

The small brass Band and the
string Band assisted, together with a
doctor who had offered his services
as a translator for Colonel Holmes.

Shortly after their arrival, Colonel
Holmes and Major Beckett were re-
ceived in audience by Iceland's new
Prime Minister, although he was in
the midst of preparing to leave to see
the King in Denmark. The interview
was very cordial, and the Prime Min-
ister displayed a wide knowledge and
a keen interest in Army affairs.

A BETTER WAY

Migration to Avoid Waste

A revival in trade may cause a
consequent revival in migration; it is
certain that a revival in migration
would cause a revival in trade. I
know there are overseas Cabinet
Ministers, whose voice and influence
will be felt at Ottawa, who object to
any added rural population within
their territories since they believe,
rightly or wrongly, that the result of
such a policy would be to intensify
the problems of the farmers already
there," writes Commissioner David
Lamb, in the *Empire Review*.

"I have one question. It is this. As
the Homeland alone has, during the
past decade, expended in the relief of
able-bodied men and women over
one thousand million pounds (£1,000,000,000) for which there has been no
material gain, but much moral and
spiritual loss, is it too much to ask
that we might contemplate, during
the coming decade, the expenditure
of a like sum on some constructive
and productive Adventures in de-
veloping and strengthening our
Mighty Heritage?"

A FINAL GODSPEED

To Farewelling Leaders and Other Officers in Winnipeg Citadel

THE farewell of Lieut.-Commis-
sioner and Mrs. Henry, Lieut.-
Colonel and Mrs. Pugmire, and
the Headquarters and Divisional
Staffs, in the Winnipeg Citadel on
Tuesday night, was a memorable
gathering of much interest. The
building was filled with comrades
and friends anxious to bid the fare-
welling Leaders and Officers an
affectionate adieu.

The old walls vibrated with the
hearty singing of "Make the world
with music ring," as the meeting
commenced, and from then on, a well-
filled and highly-interesting program
held the attention of the audience to
the closing moments.

Following the introductory exer-
cises, Sergeant-Major Robson led the
list of speakers by representing the
Locals and Soldiers, giving assur-
ances of continued loyalty and inter-
est. Sister Winnie Irwin paid a
graceful tribute on behalf of the
coming Army, and Bandmaster Mer-
ritt, for the musical fraternity, voiced
deep appreciation of the Officers'
services.

Of the farewelling Officers called
upon to speak, Captain MacBride
represented the younger element.
Major Dalziel told of his reluctance
to leave Winnipeg's wide and friendly
avenues, and Lieut.-Colonel Peacock
cast a retrospective glance over the
years.

Musical talent in abundance liven-
ed the evening's proceedings, all
items being splendidly rendered. The
Citadel Band featured Major Mer-
ritt's latest composition in brilliant
style; the Songsters were in excellent
form with the selection "Fighting
for God"; the Headquarters Male
Quartet contributed "Praise the
Lord," and an instrumental sextet
gave a fine interpretation of Major
Dalziel's "Song of the Conquerors,"
arranged by Bandsman Percy Mer-
ritt.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, after read-
ing a selection of good-will messages
from Officers in the Territory, in-
cluding Brigadier Tindall, who was
indisposed, gave a characteristic ad-
dress replete with striking thought
and kindly sentiment.

Mrs. Henry's tenderly-worded valedictory message touched many hearts
as reference was made to associa-
tions soon to be severed; she bade
her comrades maintain the standards
of the good old Army.

The Commissioner's final address
and charge pulsated with life and
manly vigor, stirring all hearts as he
recalled the courageous spirit dis-
played by the Officers on the widely-
flung Western battlefield. He re-
gretted the parting, and with great
earnestness of appeal, urged Officers
and comrades to press on, conclud-
ing by saying, "Close up your ranks;
stand shoulder to shoulder, and step
by step march bravely on to victory."

The climax of the meeting was
reached when the congregation rose
to sing, feelingly, "Hark, my soul,"
followed by "God will take care of
you," and the Commissioner's final
blessing.

Following the meeting, at the in-
vitation of the Citadel Bandsmen,
the farewelling Officers gathered in
the Young People's Hall for refresh-
ments.

Other Officers to take part during
the evening, besides those mention-
ed, were Mrs. Adjutant Huband and
Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Peacock.

BACK TO THE FRONT

The British Commissioner returned
to International Headquarters, Lon-
don, a few days ago for the first
time since the end of December, when
he entered hospital for an operation.
Although bearing obvious marks of
his "many days of trial," Commis-
sioner Jeffries declared he was going
to enter the fight once more, and, by
the help of God, get the victory.

BELOVED ARMY FRIEND

Sir Donald Maclean, British Cabinet Minister, Passes Away

THE ARMY has lost a noble friend by the death of the Rt. Hon. Donald Maclean, K.B.E., M.P., a British Cabinet Minister and President of the Board of Education.

Early in his life, under the influence of a good mother, Donald Maclean took a warm interest in The Army, and his interest grew with the years.

Lady Maclean, to whom our hearts go out in her great loss, has told from an Army platform that before they became engaged to be married, Mr. Maclean, as he was then known, reminded her that he was a man who was prepared to go any length on behalf of his principles. He asked her whether, in the event of his becoming, from conviction, a Salvation Army Officer, she would be willing to follow him into The Army and wear a bonnet? Her answer was, "Yes."

Sir Donald was, however, led into the political field, taking with him a courageous Christian outlook, high principles, and a healing, helpful spirit which made him a constructional statesman, loved by all parties.

Sir Donald often presided at Army meetings, and he had arranged to attend a select gathering of distinguished men to welcome the General on his return to England next month. The General will indeed miss his friendship and his practical advice.

One of the founders of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the President of the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches, Sir Donald left no one in doubt as to his principles. Last November, his third son accompanied Lady Maclean to the opening by the Queen of the Women's Shelter in Whitechapel, and left the happiest impression upon those present who were privileged to know his parents.

Within two hours of the passing of this friend, Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton called at the house to convey The Army's deep sympathy. The Colonel was also present at the funeral service in the country, and with Lieut.-Commissioner Powley represented The Army at the memorial service held in London.

SWEDISH HONOR

For Well-Known Army Officer

The published lists of the King of Sweden's birthday honors include the name of Colonel Hed, who has been appointed a "Knight of the Vasa-Order." The Colonel had no knowledge of this honor coming to him until the newspaper lists were seen.

This Order is only given in recognition of public service (writes Commissioner Rich, the Territorial Commander), and is considered to be a very high honor. It does not carry any title, but has to be worn at certain great occasions of the year.

Our comrade was recently a member of a Royal Prison Committee.

Colonel Per Hed became an Officer from Appelbo in 1893. In 1920 he was awarded the Order of the Founder for conspicuous service in connection with the establishment of The Army's Training Garrison in Sweden.

FAMOUS ARMY TROPHY

Many Old Country comrades will remember that fine old Army trophy, Dan McGregor, who rose to be a Major in the ranks. The veteran warrior is now seriously ill as a result of a severe heart attack. There is little hope of his recovery.

Now in his seventy-fifth year, the Major was one of the most remarkable trophies won by the Men's Social Work in its early years, and his testimony has gone round the world as evidence of the power of God to lift men from the depths of misery and failure.

JUBILATIONS AT LONDON

The Chief Secretary Conducts Anniversary Celebrations

Sunrise Service in the Park—Open-Air Covenants Where First Army Meetings Were Held

THE London Golden Jubilee week-end Campaign was conducted under the genial presidency of Colonel Dalziel, and, while everybody was enthusiastically in support of the various occasions, making up the program for the week-end, it has to be said that the Chief Secretary was the life of the event. It was a great welcome which was given to the Colonel and other visitors on Saturday night, in the course of a Festival which Major Best, the Divisional Commander, opened. The Citadel was crowded when Ensign Ellis, who, with Mrs. Ellis, had worked hard to ensure the success of the effort, presented to the audience the chairman for the evening. Music by the Band, vocal items by the Songsters, Women's Voice Party, the Young People's Singing Company, the ever-popular Male Octet, and the Life-Saving Guards, with a brass quartet and a pianoforte solo, deftly woven into an enjoyable whole by the appropriate comments of the Colonel, gave a splendid send-off to the well-prepared Campaign.

Loyal Veterans

On Sunday morning there assembled on a spot in the Market Square, as nearly as possibly could be discovered to that upon which the first Salvation Army Open-air meetings in Canada were held, half a century ago, a Covenant Service was conducted. The Colonel called, from the great number of Salvationists in the large double ring, for those who had spent forty years and more as Soldiers, to stand forward. As fifteen veterans, with bared and bowed heads, took their places before their fellows, Lieut.-Commissioner Hoe (R) prayed. Words are inadequate to express the solemnity of the moment in which many covenants were made, and all were inspired and blessed.

An hour or two prior to this moving event, under a practically cloudless sky, and with the pretty landscape of London's beautiful Victoria Park making a perfect setting, The Army colors floated quietly in the gentle breeze when, on Big Ben sounding the hour of seven, Colonel Dalziel stepped to the speaking rail to commence Anniversary Sunday in London's Jubilee, with a Sunrise Service.

The spiritual fervor of that early-morning assembly will be a cherished memory in the minds of all who participated. For a full hour, with singing, accompanied by the Citadel Band, and moments of silent prayer, with expression of thought which moved every heart, the benediction of God was sought upon these celebrations.

A monstre march from the Citadel to the Square, for the Covenant Service referred to already, was one of the outstanding features of the day.

The Holiness meeting was a time

of great inspiration. The Citadel was crowded. The Colonel's address stirring all hearts. The Songsters gave, as their contribution, "Oh, bliss of the purified."

The afternoon gathering, in which the City of London paid official tribute, was held in Victoria Park, with the Mayor in the chair. A great crowd was attracted, and included in the assembly were representatives of every religious denomination in the city. Introduced by Ensign Ellis, His Worship Mayor Geo. Hayman offered civic greetings to The Army, and said, "We, in London, have been fortunate in having had working in our midst for half a century the valued forces of The Salvation Army. The proof of your work we see about us every day. The continuation and growth of that effort, over a period covering almost half a life-time of the City of London, is an indication of the need. The continued public support, which you have received, speaks of the people's appreciation of your selfless efforts. At no time was there ever a greater need for those ideals and standards which The Army represents. We feel confident that you may be relied upon to meet the present need."

Dr. Beattie told of his memories of the early days of The Army in Canada. A message from Canon C. E. Jenkins, in addition to extending greetings and good wishes, referred to The Army as, "An Organization that has won its way in the world through sheer goodness."

Born of God

Colonel Dalziel reviewed Army history in the Dominion from the days when the first meetings were held on the Market Square, which at that time was flanked by Whiskey Row, from which the roughs and toughs came harassing the young and considerably inexperienced Army. Reference was made to the first Soldier of the Corps, and to the efforts of other early pioneers, both men and women. At the mention of "Mother" Ward, the great crowd broke into spontaneous applause. "The seed of The Army planted here was born of God. It could not be stamped out," added the Colonel in the course of a ringing address. The Band, Songster Brigade, and the Octet Party contributed helpfully to the occasion, and Major Best offered the thanks of all to His Worship the Mayor.

Loud speakers had been installed whereby the various addresses were heard in all parts of the park.

At night, in the Capitol Theatre, a great crowd of eager people heard the Colonel's message with whole-souled receptivity. Seldom has there been such intense spirit manifested in a theatre meeting. There was hardly a stir in any part of the building while the Colonel spoke, and the surrenders to Christ were of a most definite kind.

A VETERAN'S TESTIMONY

Eighty-Four-Year-Old Commissioner Looks Backward and Forward

COMMISSIONER JOHN CARLETON has just entered his eighty-fifth year. Between two and three hundred comrades engaged at the Chief Office of The Salvation Army Assurance Society, Ltd., London, were greatly inspired when he attended the mid-day Prayer-meeting, during the week in which he passed the new milestone, and addressed them.

Introduced as the Chairman of the Board of Directors, and an active member of the Executive of the Society, by Commissioner David Cuthbert, the Managing Director, Commissioner Carleton responded to the affectionate welcome accorded him by giving a rousing testimony, and relating some interesting reminiscences.

"I thank God that I am a Salvationist," said the Commissioner in a resonant voice. "Over fifty years ago I came from Ireland to London, and although I may not have made a great impression on the Metropolis, I have counted as one in this great city who has stood for righteousness. At that time I was a most unlikely person to become an Army Officer. I had been self-centered, thinking only of my own family and being quite unaware of the needs of the world, and hardly conscious of the hundreds of drunkards and sinners of all kinds around me where I lived. Then I was led to give myself to God, and since I gave myself without reserve to Him, He has dealt bountifully with me. I do not for one moment regret having come out boldly for God."

"As an Officer I have tried to be faithful. As a business man I have tried to help The Army, but it has been as a working Soldier of an Army Corps that I have enjoyed my Salvationism best."

"When I came to London and accepted larger responsibilities, I made up my mind that I would do all in my power to help my local Corps too. At that time it was a poor little affair in a hay-loft, with a donkey braying in the stable below. I not only helped the small Corps. In my efforts there I helped myself, finding outlet for my spiritual powers and joy in service."

Having referred tenderly to the passing of Commissioner Richards, the Commissioner recalled his own advanced years and made an inspiring declaration of his own faith for the future.

"They are going one by one," he said, "and every call is a reminder to me. I want you all to understand that when that glad Call comes I shall be ready! I am looking forward with great joy to going into the presence of my Saviour who is so dear to me."

After some whimsical allusions to certain descriptions of Heaven, the Commissioner went on to say that he loved best the term "Higher Service," as he was happiest in activity and wanted further opportunities for serving God.

Commissioner John A. Carleton, who entered Army service from Ligoniel (Ireland) fifty-one years ago, was for forty years a Local Officer at Penge, where he was a Songster-Leader for a long period.



A view of the Covenant Service, conducted by the Chief Secretary, on the spot in the Market Square, London, where the first Salvation Army Open-air meetings in Canada were held

Our Women's Page

THE SPIRIT OF WASHIN'

A minister calling on an old negress, found her bending over a wash-tub, and asked:

"Aunt Dinah, don't you get very tired doing that hard work?"

"Oh, yes, massa!" she replied. "I hasn't got much strength; but I ask de Lord, and He gives me the spirit of washin'."

If we have the right "spirit" in service the workshop will shine like a throne-room, and the day seem all too short in which to round out the many tasks that will call to us for performance. Soulless service is indeed drudgery, but when the Lord "gives us the spirit" of consecration, the heaviest task will become, if not as light as air, at least endurable.

FRUIT JUICES FOR COLD WEATHER USE

By Anne Schuyler

Put up fruit juices now for use next winter—for beverages, gelatin, desserts, pudding sauces, or sherberts. Their flavor will be appreciated in the cold weather months, as will also the quick-energy value of the sugar which is used so liberally in preserving them. Try these recipes this year and they will be favorites with you always:

Blueberry Juice

Add sufficient cold water to the berries to allow them to float. Simmer them slowly until they lose their shape. Strain off the juice as for jelly. Measure the juice and heat it.



To each quart add one cup sugar. Boil for five minutes. Skim. Seal in hot, clean bottles or jars.

Rhubarb Juice

Rhubarb juice is particularly valuable for fruit beverages, and for combining with other fruit juices to lend tartness to jellies. It is also good for jellied desserts and pudding sauces. It may be prepared from the stalks that have become too tough to cook in other ways.

Cut the rhubarb in small pieces, add just enough water to cover and simmer until very soft. Strain the juice through a jelly bag. To each quart of juice add two cups sugar. Heat until the sugar is dissolved. Skim. Bring to the boiling point. Seal in clean, hot jars or bottles.

A LINEN BAG

A practical bag for soiled linen can be made from two yards of single-width cretonne. Divide this into two pieces, one six inches longer than the other. Cut the top ends to fit a coat hanger, and join together. Cut a downward slit in the front side large enough to push the soiled clothes through, and bind the edges strongly. Join up the sides and bring the longer

(Continued at foot of column 4)

TELL GOD THE LITTLE THINGS

"More Things are Wrought by Prayer than this World Dreams of"

DO WE, as mothers, make as much use as we ought of the powerful weapon of prayer? It is still true that "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Therefore, let us pray more about little things.

I was very worried about a matter pertaining to a woman who was ill and in need of a doctor. There was need for treatment for the mother and of care for the little ones. Several of us covenanted to pray for her, and while I was praying, the voice of God came and said: "Go on praying for healing for her." I did so, and in the morning there was an improvement, and it continued. My little boy said to me: "Mother, God does answer prayer." Thus the children's faith in God was strengthened.

In the early days as a tiny child in an Officer's Quarters when things were not often too plentiful, I remember praying for oatmeal, and then going out in the morning in childish faith to look for it, and finding it on the doorstep. Even to-day that incident helps me.

We do not ask of God sufficiently in our home life. We are troubled about that unruly boy; let us pray. There is a delicate little one in the home; take her case to the great Father-heart. The husband is out of work and there is a struggle to make ends meet; take the matter to the Saviour Who fed the five thousand. He is just as interested in your needy household as He was when on earth.

And then, how often we as mothers feel our strength is not sufficient for the hundred and one things there are to be done, and often only one pair

of hands to do the lot. There is a promise: "As thy day so shall thy strength be," and we who have really put that promise to the test have never known it to fail. Let us more than ever pray; there are plenty say their prayers, but how many really pray?

I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray,
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?

Prayer is still the key to unlock Heaven's treasure house.—An Officer's Wife.

Our Duty

*Not to do the things we would do,
Nor to do the things we should do,
But to do the things we could do,
Though it means much sacrifice;
Not to waste our time in leisure,
Seeking comfort, ease and pleasure;
But God's will to do and treasure,
For in this our duty lies.*

—Sent by Ella McCardell,
Orillia.

The block of granite, which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway of the strong.—Carlyle.

THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN

Would ye learn the road to Laughtertown?

Oh, ye who have lost the way;
Would ye have young hearts
though your hair be gray?

Go, learn from a child each day;
Serve his wants and play his play,
And catch the lift of his laughter-

gay,
And follow his dancing feet where
they stray;

For he knows the way to Laughtertown,

Oh, ye who have lost the way.



Mother's Little Apprentice

Home is the Training School for Housewives

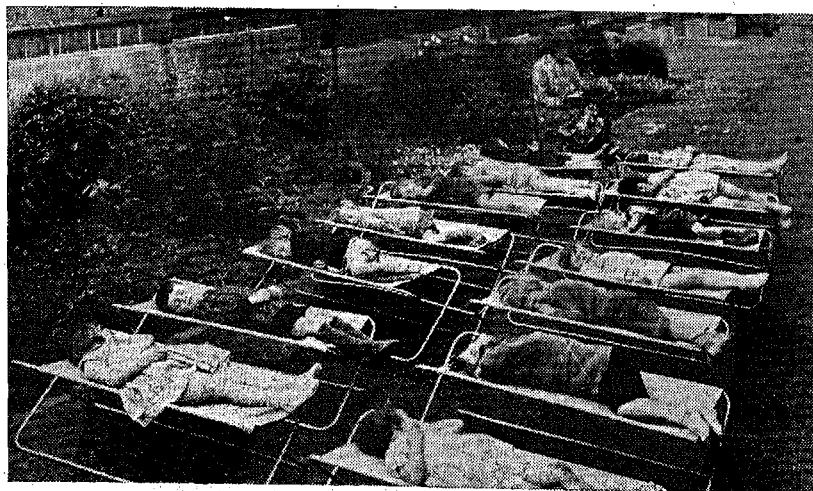
THERE are many ways in whichnot mastered the art of housewifery. A little girl can help her mothers. Indeed one is sometimes surprised to find what excellent little housewives the older girls can be when their interest is once aroused. In days gone by it was the recognized thing for all girls to be thoroughly conversant with the duties connected with the home, but to-day many girls prefer to do other things than work in the home and so neglect learning how to cook and sew in much the same way as mathematics and logic are left to those who are especially interested in them. Yet the girl who knows nothing of the work of a home will find she is sadly handicapped, and in the end she will regret that she has

A little girl can find a great deal of pleasure in helping her mother. In doing little things which make the work lighter for her mother, she is undoubtedly happy, and perhaps, if she looks at it in the right way, she is also a proud little girl to be able to help.

One does not like seeing a child become a little drudge, but there are many trifling duties which can be done as a matter of course which will give the little daughter a pleasant introduction to housewifery. In later days, when she possesses a home of her own, she will not have to serve her apprenticeship to domestic arts, but will be an efficient worker.

In many a home it is the accepted thing that the children shall take some share in the duties whether additional help is kept or not. There are messages to be run; drawers to be tidied; toys and books to be put away; dishes to be washed, and, sometimes, cakes and sweets to be made, and in all of these affairs children can help.

Most girls like to have some profession or vocation that will make them independent, even if there is no financial necessity for them to follow these callings. If they do not make any attempt to learn something of homecraft, they will almost certainly find themselves far too preoccupied with learning other things, when they have left, to spend much time in the home. Therefore, one could not advocate too strongly a simple and pleasant introduction to housework, in the form of "helping mother" in school days.



Britain's most perfect and jolliest school is in London, and it is free. Charming mistresses, pretty classrooms, gardens with fish pools, and a little orchestra, are features of the school. There are also camp-beds on which the young pupils rest for a short time every afternoon in the summer. Here are seen the happy children enjoying their siesta in the camp-beds in the school gardens

end forward to the front, and attach a few strong patent fasteners. When it is required to undo the bag, unclip the fasteners and the linen will drop out without any trouble, and without the bag having to be removed from its place in the cupboard.

PASS IT ON

A Tonic-Story for Bandsmen

The East Toronto Band was giving its usual Sunday evening service in Lynn Park this Sunday evening and I was able to speak to a stranger standing listening beside me (writes a Bandsman's wife.) I learned from her that her husband had been unemployed for two years. The home had been lost, and she had been severely ill in hospital. Her only relatives had been taken by death during that period.

She had been coming to the park, she said, every Sunday evening because The Army Band so cheered her, and helped her to face another week. She also asked the name of a particular Sister who smiled so cheerily every time she passed. I said what I could to help her and promised to remember her in prayer, adding that could our Bandsmen hear her story they would feel more than repaid for their efforts in music and song.

I felt our Bandsmen everywhere should be encouraged by this. Pass it on through the "Cry" if you can.

ANNUAL BAND WEEK- END AT WINDSOR I

Detroit Citadel Band Lends a Hand

The Windsor I Citadel Band held its annual Band week-end recently. This was a memorable occasion. Who should be at the helm to pilot this week-end but our worthy Editor-in-Chief, Brigadier Hawkins.

The festivities opened with a supper on the Saturday afternoon, after which the Brigadier gave an interesting talk on Bands and Music of the past, present, and future.

The Saturday evening Musical Festival given by the Band, under Bandmaster Wade, was a great success. The Editor took the Band through the "New Zealand Warrior," and "Carry On" marches, which brought applause from all parts of the Citadel. The Band played "The Old Wells," "Good Old Army," and "Visions," while the individual items were enjoyed by everyone.

All the three Sunday Open-air were conducted by the Brigadier and every effort was made to help seekers into the Kingdom. Attendances were large. The Brigadier delivered some inspiring messages. The Bandsmen co-operated throughout in splendid manner. The Brigadier also presided over the afternoon Musical Festival and led the Band in several marches. The Band played "Remember Me," "Songs of Britain," and "Army of the Brave."

After the usual service on Sunday evening, the Band, accompanied by the Brigadier, journeyed to Lanspeary Park, where hundreds listened to the music rendered.

Brigadier Hawkins presided over the final Musical Festival on the Monday evening, when the Detroit I Band, under Bandmaster Hereval came across the border. This event gave a stirring conclusion to the week-end. Much credit is due to the Bandmaster and Band Locals and our worthy Editor for the success of the week-end.—"Sid."

Windsor I Citadel Band, under Bandmaster Wade, broadcasts every Tuesday evening, between 10 to 10.30 p.m., over station CKOK (540 kilocycles).



Mispronounced Musical Terms

An Article Our Musicians Should Carefully Study

(Continued from last issue)

PROCEEDING to the brass we find two cases of false accentuation and one of mispronunciation. The first case is that of the popular instrument known as the cornet, the soprano of the brass "choir" when used to replace the trumpet. This should be pronounced cornet, with the accent upon the initial syllable, and not upon the final as though it were spelt cornette. Here we pause to note that trumpet is more kindly treated in this respect than any other brass instrument, except the horn, in that it is always correctly accented on its initial syllable. But, if consistency counts for anything, why do not the good people who insist upon "clarinet" and "cornet," exhibit their sense of "the rule of right and the eternal fitness of things" by "always and in all places" persisting in the pronunciation "trumpet"? And if not, why not?

That most ancient instrument, the trombone, alias the sackbut, seldom suffers from faulty accentuation; although we do remember one individual, manifestly "a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth," who favored the pronunciation "trombone." But whether this was one of the eccentricities of genius or merely an attempt "to find quarrel in a straw," as Hamlet would say, this witness deponeth not.

Coming from the ancient to the modern we note that in the case of the last and latest of the orchestral brass—the tuba—an instrument not quite a century old, there is no question of faulty accentuation, as this latter generally falls upon the initial syllable. But we really must admit to having heard some otherwise cultured Americans and even "noble Britons," converse in no uncertain tones about an instrument which they describe as the "tooba"! But "tell is not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon," lest the poor benighted Cockney, who has been so often and so deservedly upbraided for the loss and misuse of his "h's," should retaliate by charging his cousins in the Western hemisphere, and others, with inability to pronounce the letter "u" or ignorance of its correct articulation!

With one exception the keyboard

instruments have not suffered so much from mispronunciation as have the orchestral. But we cannot deny having heard at sundry times divers mispronunciations of that long-suffering and ubiquitous instrument, the piano. Sometimes it has been tortured into "pihano," with the long "i" as in "pirate" and with the accent wrongly thrown upon the first syllable. At another time we have been annoyed by such uneducated utterances as "pihanna" and even "pihaner." Pianoforte, originally forte-piano—so named on account of its power of expression which differentiated it, in one point at least, from its predecessor, the harpsichord—is an Italian word and should be pronounced accordingly—"peeahno" and "peeahnofortay," with the accent invariably upon the second syllable of piano and upon the first of forte.

Discussion of the faulty pronunciation and misnaming of musical performers is somewhat foreign to our subject, but we must protest against such gross and unpardonable errors as "fluteist" for flautist, and "pianoist" for pianist. The latter we once heard from a college professor; but it was a "son of soil" who once informed us that his daughter had married, we trust happily, an eminent "kelloist"!

But it may be urged, why all this controversy? Are not musical instruments just as euphonious by one name as by another? Has not the immortal William declared that—

"That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell
as sweet?"

We admit the authenticity of the quotation, but doubt the accuracy of the conclusion. There is such a thing as the law of association, and it is unthinkable that a rose would "smell as sweet" if it were called garlic. And so with musical instruments. By mispronunciation of, and false accentuation in, their names, we rob them of the euphony these names may possess and the charm they may have acquired by association or otherwise. In the matter of even so comparatively unimportant a thing as the name of a musical instrument, we need still to strive for the acquisition of English "pure and undefiled," remembering at the same time that as James Russell Lowell says:

"There is more force in names
Than most men dream of."

Dying Woman Expresses Gratitude for Army Band's Ministry

At the close of an Open-air, held by the Lisgar Street (Toronto) Corps, a lady, calling Ensign Dixon, the Corps Officer, told the following experience: Some months ago, a very dear friend of hers was dying, and although a Christian for years, she had a great fear of death. One quiet Sunday morning, the strains of an old hymn-tune reached her, played by the Lisgar Street Band as it passed en route to the Hall. The tune brought her just the needed strength and cheer, and a settled peace came upon her soul as she was encouraged by the music to look to God and trust in Him.

Before she passed away peacefully, she expressed her gratitude for the ministry of the Band. She said she had longed for it to play outside her home again, but did not like to ask, thinking it might be taking blessing

away from someone else. This lady wanted to thank The Army, especially the Band, for the means of blessing it had been to her friend.

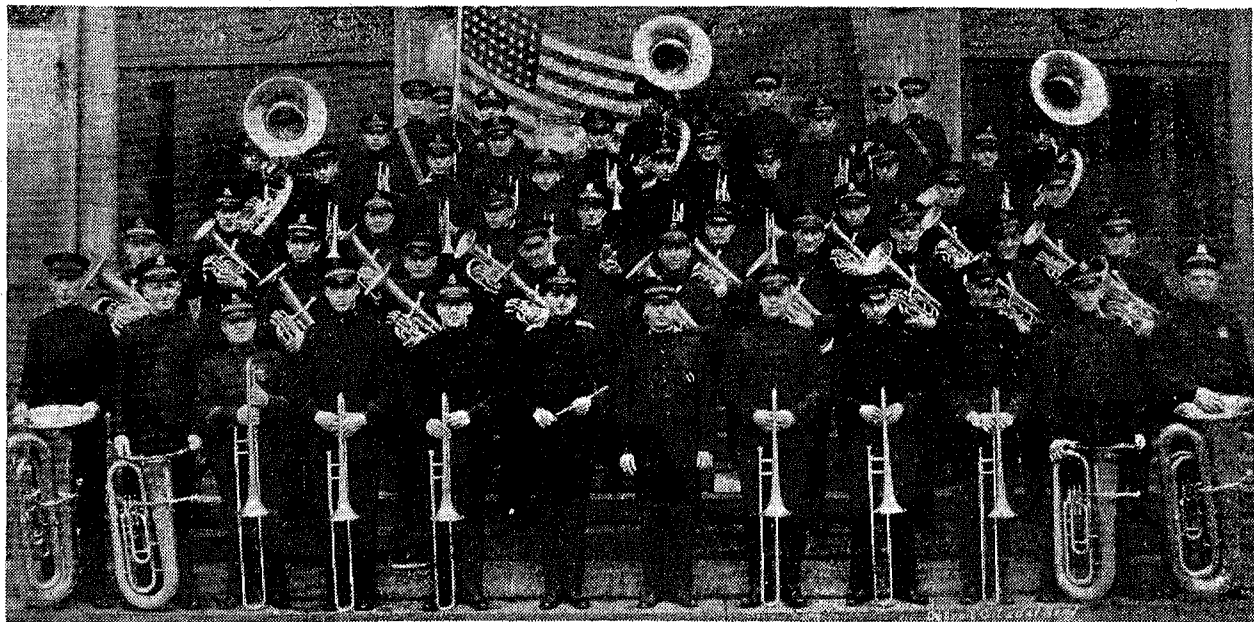
Last Sunday Lisgar Street Band visited the Hospital for Incurables, and for some time played to the patients there. A number of the Songsters were also present and assisted in the service on the lawn. Patients, nurses and visiting friends expressed words of gratitude for this kindly visit, as did the residents in nearby homes. The Corps Officer, with Captain Gennery, was asked to pray with a dying man and also some of the other patients.

CANADA AND U.S.A.

Flint's Interesting Band Week-End

During Band week-end, we at Flint were privileged to have as our guest, Staff-Captain Bramwell Coles, of Toronto, and we had a wonderful time. Our former Bandmaster, Major W. Broughton, of Chicago, also stopped over for a night whilst on his way to New York on business. The Staff-Captain conducted the Band in most of the items rendered during the week-end, which consisted principally of his own compositions. The Band's rendition of such items as "Discipleship," "Good Old Army," and "Rock of Ages," brought some favorable comment from the composer. The Staff-Captain attended the Young People's meeting and remarked that the Senior Band had no cause for worry when there is such a fine Young People's Band, under the leadership of Band-Leader Samuel Peryer. The Songsters also gave of their best during the Sunday's meetings. Staff-Captain Coles gave a fine address in both the morning and evening services, when one woman came forward and several more persons held up their hands for prayer. A combined Musical Festival by the Band and Songsters on the Monday evening brought a very interesting and busy week-end to a close.

The Band, under Bandmaster Wilson, co-operated in splendid manner throughout. Visitors were present from Detroit, where the Staff-Captain presided over a Festival on the previous Friday, and from other places.—Robert Brown, Band Correspondent.



Detroit Citadel Band which paid a visit to Toronto last week-end, as guests of Riverdale Corps

Coming Events

COMMISSIONER HAY

BARRIE, Sun July 17 (evening)
 NEWMARKET, Sun July 24 (evening)
 NORTH TORONTO, Sun July 31 (evening)
 LIPPINCOTT, Wed Aug 3
 WEST TORONTO, Sun Aug 7 (morning)
 FAIRBANK, Sun Aug 7 (evening)
 FERGUS, Wed Aug 10 (evening)
 RIVERDALE, Sun Aug 14 (morning)
 TEMPLE, Aug 14 (evening)
 WALKERTON, Wed Aug 17
 WINNIPEG, Mon Aug 29
 REGINA, Tues Aug 30
 CALGARY, Thurs Sept 1
 VANCOUVER, Sat to Mon Sept 5
 VICTORIA, Tues Sept 6
 VANCOUVER, Wed Sept 7
 PRINCE RUPERT, Sat Sun Sept 11
 VANCOUVER, Mon to Wed Sept 21
 EDMONTON, Mon Sept 26
 SASKATOON, Wed Sept 28
 WINNIPEG, Fri Sept 30 to Tues Oct 4

COLONEL DALZIEL

(The Chief Secretary)

Montreal I, Mon July 25 (Installation of Divisional Commander)
 Orillia, Wed July 27 (Installation of Divisional Commander)

Colonel McAmmond: Grand Falls, (Nfld.)
 Wed to Thurs 14; Corner Brook,
 Fri to Sun, 15 to 17; New Glasgow,
 Tues 19; Halifax, Wed 20; Oxford,
 Thurs 21; Amherst Fri 22; Charlotte-
 town, Sat Sun 24
 Brigadier Macdonald (R): Ingersoll, Sat
 Sun July 10
 Brigadier Tilley: Mount Forest, Hanover,
 Wingham, Sun 10; Listowel, Mon 11;
 Hamilton I, Sat Sun 17
 Major Galway: Dovercourt, Sun 10.
 Major Spooner: Hamilton I, Sat Sun 10;
 Oshawa, Sun 24
 Staff-Captain Keith: Rowntree, Mon July
 11; Toronto Temple, Fri 15; New To-
 ronto, Sat 16; Dovercourt, Tues 19;
 Scarlett Plains, Sun 31.
 Staff-Captain Porter: Rhodes Ave, Sun
 July 7

A PROUD RECORD

MAISONNEUVE. — Captain and Mrs. Lorimer have farewelled after a stay of two years. On Tuesday night a farewell tea was arranged by the Soldiers, followed by a Soldiers' meeting, and later an Open-air service. During the command of Captain and Mrs. Lorimer the Maisonneuve Corps has been freed of all liabilities, a new heating system installed, the Quarters have been decorated, a new front door fixed to the Citadel, new tables and dishes secured for the Corps, and two new triumphonic instruments bought for the Band, as well as a complete set of Second Series music. A number of new Soldiers have been made, and three Candidates sent to the Training Garrison.

CONVERTS IN UNIFORM

SARNIA. — On Sunday Adjutant and Mrs. S. Harrison farewelled, after a successful stay of over two and-a-half years. The services were well attended and many were the expressions of deep appreciation of the work of the Adjutant and his wife. Progress has been made all round; the Band and Songster Brigade have been re-organized, both proving of great power for God. Many who have been converted are now in uniform and working for God. The Adjutant and his wife expressed deep gratitude to all who had assisted them throughout their command and wished them every blessing.

BREVITIES

Captain Ritchie and Lieutenant Berry farewelled from Summerside, P.E.I., after a very useful stay.

Lieutenant Wilson said good-bye to Lachine, and Lieutenants Tilley and Lodge were welcomed at a happy gathering.

Essex comrades bade Godspeed to Ensign and Mrs. Dickenson on Sunday last, when many words of appreciation of their service were voiced.

IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT

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 808 Dundas Street, Woodstock, Ontario
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MERRY MUSIC WITH A MEANING

VISIT OF DETROIT CITADEL BAND TO TORONTO

(Continued from front page)

The crowd which assembled in the Temple was enthusiastic to a degree; being largely composed of Army Bandsmen, it was also capable of exercising judgment, and that combination of enthusiasm, coupled with analysis, goes to prove that the items composing the program during the two hours through which the proceedings continued, were well rendered. The chairman, Dr. G. T. Steele, was supported by Adjutant and Mrs. Leader, of Detroit Citadel, Captain Pilfrey, of Riverdale, and others.

The upper portion of the platform was entirely occupied by the Detroit Bandsmen, and it was remarkable to notice in the very opening son, "God is love," how excellently this numerous combination responded to the demands of Bandmaster Hereval in the matter of subdued accompaniment to the congregational singing. The vocal contribution of the gathering was easily recognizable above the volume of the Band.

It is not our intention to enter into details with regard to the items composing the program. It will be more profitable to refer to a few of the high-lights which developed as the evening proceeded. Possibly the hymn-tunes, which the Band gave at the very commencement of the program, call for warmest commendation. "Maidstone" was a beautiful blending of carefully-produced parts, balance and tone quality, restrained in sonority, with precision of attack, and inspirational interpretation, making this well-known tune to warm many hearts. "Aberystwith," quite a different type of hymn-tune, calling for fire and emotional urge in keeping with the Welsh temperament, was given, as to its first part, in soul-moving majesty, but, as to the second portion, entirely in keeping with the national characteristics of the people from whose land it emanates.

Highlights

Maybe the very next item on the program, the Bible reading, by Adjutant Dallas Leader, caught the spotlight of congregational interest as noticeably. Tall and commanding of presence, dark and intense in personality, with a deep voice and unhurried in speech, the Detroit Citadel Corps Officer "holds" his audience, with continual promise of still deeper things to come.

With two such high-light elements at the very opening of the program it is not to be wondered at that, throughout the whole of the evening, that blessing which Salvation music can bring was generously and gratifyingly experienced. The Band presented two marches, "Freedom from Sin," and "Happy, Glad, and Free." It would appear that the rendering of marches is an effective characteristic of the Detroit Citadel Band, and the interpretation for which the Bandmaster called is, doubtless, entirely in line with his own peculiar idiosyncrasy—the Band coming out here and there in a refreshingly "different" manner, with sections of the Band pleasingly obtruding now and again, and this without in any way affecting the sense of ensemble. Brightness — at times approaching brilliance — of cornet effects was to be noticed, with the trombones answering lightning flash with lightning flash. The horn family produced a mellow tonal quality which was charming, while even the baritones—an often-undiscovered section in analysis — were to be heard offering chastened effects. The euphonium, "safe as houses," linked the sextet of basses into a whole combination, so that from drums to soprano—and he was an excellent soloist—the whole Band was heard to advantage.

For selections the Bandmaster had chosen, "Good old Army," "The old Wells," and "The old Chariot." We wonder if the use of the word "old" in each case was deliberately made. Certainly the employment of melodies with which we were all

familiar, served to enhance in a very high degree the enjoyable character of the music which was excellently given. The cornet solo on the unusual instrument for such service—the Eb soprano cornet—amply justified our former reference to the Bandsman engaged on that instrument, while his appearance with a solo Bb cornetist in a duet, "Rock of Ages," made the "Toplady" tune to stir us again and again. The trombonist giving a well-known tune, rendered a solo without any "fireworks," achieving a tonal picture, which was not only pleasing, but impressive.

Appetizing "Dish"

There were an instrumental sextet, a vocal chorus and a vocal solo to add variety and blessing to the other ingredients of the evening's "dish" of music; but, possibly, the most popular items with the majority of the audience were those given by an elocutionist girl-comrade, who accompanied the Band during their trip, and who was assisted in one item by one of the Bandsmen.

On Sunday morning that side of the valley of the Don, on which Riverdale is situated, was heard to ring again to soulful Salvation music, as, for instance, when the Detroit Band came marching steadily through the streets producing, in long, ringing phrase, the familiar strains of "Bullinger." The name may not convey much to many, but when we add that this huge "voice," made up of fifty brass voices, was asking all who passed by, "Art thou weary, Art thou languid, Art thou sore distressed? 'Come to Me,' saith One," it will be apparent that the appeal must have been powerful in the extreme. There is one man of our acquaintance who will best remember the whole week-end by the playing of that one hymn-tune. Another man, recently raised from what seemed likely to be his death-bed, claimed that the music was "life-giving."

Adjutant Leader was responsible for the meetings which were held on Sunday, and his addresses in the morning and evening meetings in the Citadel, were calculated to appeal to every heart. In the afternoon a magnificent crowd assembled about the visitors, when they conducted a delightfully-enjoyable Open-air service in Riverdale Park. Music — well chosen and well played—singing impressive and emphatic, and testimony powerful because personal, both in its offering and in its challenge, made the hour spent midst such pleasant surroundings to be highly profitable.

Over the Air

Hurrying from this scene of joyous color and sunny happiness, the Bandsmen were soon ensconced within a yard at the rear of CKCL Broadcasting Station, on University Avenue. Carefully avoiding any appearance of offering a Festival, the Band conducted, as it were, a musical meeting, in the course of which testimonies were given by different Bandsmen, representing age and youth, while Adjutant Leader's Bible address put the matter as plainly as it could possibly be expressed. Hymn-tunes, selections, individual items, and marches, made up an hour which was rendered possible by the opening of the studio an hour before its usual time.

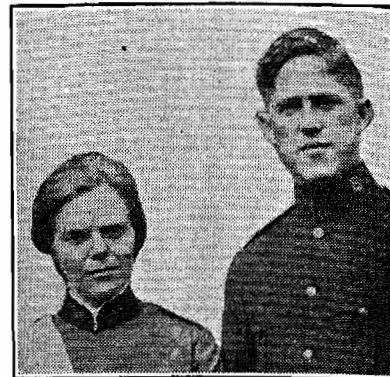
A hurried lunch, contributed by Mr. Raymer, and away they went to the evening Open-air meeting, following which the Adjutant presided over a Salvation meeting, which was so crowded, that chairs had to be taken out on to a piece of ground at the side of the building, where the annex audience listened in through the open windows of the building. Later still, a second visit was paid to Riverdale Park, where a greatly-increased crowd stood for two hours to enjoy the splendid musical items. On Monday evening, in the

A SOCIAL UNION

Captain John Geiger and
 Captain Stella Fowler Become
 "Continued Comrades"

A very pleasing event took place at Hespeler, on June 21st, when Captain Fowler, of the Hamilton Rescue Home, was united in matrimony to Captain Geiger, of the Men's Social Institute, London, Ont. Lieut.-Colonel Sims officiated.

The platform was very nicely decorated with flowers, which added charm to the event. After the ceremony, about sixty guests sat down to



CAPTAIN AND MRS. GEIGER

a tasty spread, prepared by the Home League members of Hespeler. Several speakers expressed their best wishes to the happy couple, among them being the mothers of both Captain Geiger and his bride. Captain and Mrs. Geiger are being appointed to Scarlett Plains, Ont., and we wish them success in their field of labor. —A.S.

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS

Prayers are asked for Mrs. Adjutant Cooper, of Toronto, who has been very ill for some time.

Lieut.-Commissioner Cuthbert, Manager of The Army's Assurance Society, was a visitor to Territorial Headquarters last week.

Our old friend, Colonel Morehen (R), is at present in England renewing acquaintance with many comrades of earlier days. The Colonel was engaged in Corps and Divisional work in the British Territory before his transfer to Canada.

Our sympathy is extended to Envoy John Weaver, whose father recently passed to his Reward, from Pill, Somersetshire, England.

Y.M.C.A. Hall, on Broadview Ave., a crowded gathering enjoyed the concluding festival. The chairman was the Hon. R. W. Price, Attorney General, whose presidency contributed an appreciable element to the success of the event. Again selections, marches and individual items were devoted to the same objective which had inspired the Bandsmen throughout the week-end, to the inspiration and blessing of their hearers. Acquitting themselves in such excellent fashion as must have gratified Bandmaster Hereval, the Band brought to a conclusion a week-end which must ever live in the memory of the men concerned, and will remain in Riverdale, and Toronto generally, as a subject for conversation amongst Bandsmen and others. Something of standard, too, has been erected, both as to outdoor activities and indoor events. Altogether the visit of the Detroit Citadel Band to Toronto was well worth while, and should be as seed well sown in good ground.

TORONTO I LAWN SOCIAL

Wednesday July 20

on The Salvation Army Home Grounds, Bellevue Avenue, at 7.30
 OPENED BY SIR ALFRED B. MARINE
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Fancy Goods, Groceries, Etc.
 REFRESHMENTS

DON'T IMAGINE YOU HAVE AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX; WORK TO ENSURE YOU ARE NOT JUST PLAIN INFERIOR

THIS PAGE IS DEVOTED SOLELY TO YOUNG PEOPLE

Little Journeys Into the Past

Rome Annexes Palestine

WITH party strife surging within her borders, in was inevitable that neighboring powers would ultimately take advantage of Palestine's situation. By this time the dominant power in the Mediterranean world was Rome. The City of the Seven Hills, situated on the Tiber River, in Italy, had extended her sphere of influence until virtually the whole human world acknowledged

STUCK IN THE MUD

This is not the experience of a Motorist bogged by the wayside

"I ONCE had a rather memorable experience with a water-lily," writes Archibald Rutledge, in "American Forests." "I had been at a house-party, and, to be frank, I had tired of the company, one morning, and had gone for a walk alone in the

can develop in that setting which is yours. Suppose that the lily should say: "I am anchored to the mud at the bottom of this pool. No one comes this way; certainly no one cares whether I am a lily or a weed. I'll not grow up at all." That would be to deny its nature.

Looking at the matter in that light puts a new complexion on things, does it not? You see, a lily is a lily; and it is true to itself. So must you be. The lily is not a bird to fly; nor is it a yacht to sail away.

Every intelligent soul of man is meant to develop, and the lines for such progression are clear enough. But there are certain basic integrities which must always be recognised; to these one must needs be anchored; in these one must be rooted or grounded. They are: righteousness of thought and word and deed, as between God and man and between man and man; loyalty to high principle in all things, and observing the golden rule. Fixed on this ground one may grow in grace which Jesus Christ came to teach.

Only be sure of this: The setting is for your manipulation; make the most of it, and you will make the best of yourself. A word of advice: "Ask the Saviour to help you!"

TO-DAY!

With every rising of the sun, Think of your life as just begun; The past has cancelled and buried deep

All yesterdays, then let them sleep; Concern yourself with but to-day, Grasp it, and teach it to obey Your will and plan. Since time began To-day has been the friend of man; You and to-day, a soul sublime And the quiet heritage of time: With God Himself to bind the twain, Go forth, brave heart! attain! attain!

OUR OPEN FORUM

A column on this page will be open for the presentation and discussion of matters that have a bearing on the life of young people. Questions may be asked; personal problems dealt with; the story of conversion given; a written testimony or the account of an adventure in Christian warfare—in fact, letters will be welcomed concerning the hundred and one things that have to do with the youth of to-day. We invite the young folk in their 'teens and early twenties to write, care of the Editor, "The War Cry (Open Forum), 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

A Lad who is "Happy as Lark"

Dear Editor:

I have been in Canada for five years. I am a convert at the Parliament Street Corps, Toronto. At my present place of work I am not able to attend meetings as I would like to.

Since my conversion I have been as happy as a lark, and have special joy in taking God's Word to the needy.

I have a desire to be a Candidate for Officership, and eventually work for the Saviour, who has saved my soul. Do you think I would be accepted for the Work?

—Edward.

We are pleased to receive your letter. Yes, life is really devoid of its truest joy when Jesus is not in the heart.

My Favorite Quotation

MOST young people have a favorite quotation. It has become lodged in the mind because of the blessing it carried or the new impulse it originated; or perhaps its harmless humor brought cheer on a day of gloom, and, therefore, we cherish it. At any rate it is our favorite quotation!

Do you not think that it would be helpful if we shared these heart-throbs with one another? Who knows how much blessing or cheer would result to "War Cry" readers from the printing of your favorite quotation? And what fine material for a scrap-book!

Now, get your pen and paper, and write, in a clear, legible manner, the quotation you desire to submit—whether poetry or prose, the work of a well-known or little-known author, Scriptural or anonymous—giving, if at all possible, its source. Do not fail to include your full name and address, and mail to The Editor, "The War Cry," 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

VERILY, GOD IS GOOD!

Mine are Scriptural quotations, and I believe all the more valuable accordingly.

- 1.—"As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet . . . possessing things."—2 Cor. 6:10.
- 2.—The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him." Nahum 1:7.
- 3.—Therefore I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my Salvation; my God will hear me."—Micah 7:7.

—F.A.M., Montreal.

If you wish for success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—J. Addison.

Commissioner's Award Won by Wychwood Guard

IN THE course of the Life-Saving Guard and Scout Divine Service Parade conducted by the Commissioner at the Toronto Temple a few weeks ago, our Territorial Leader offered a liberal award to the Guard or Scout who submitted the best essay covering his address of the morning.

This offer was taken up with avidity by the uniformed enthusiasts, and this week the winner of the award has been announced. The coveted distinction falls to a girl—General's Guard Grace Strain, of the Wychwood (Toronto) Corps. Our heartiest congrats, Guard Grace!

her supremacy. She was in political control of vast areas, and it was quite impossible that little Palestine should altogether escape.

Neither did she. For when Rome saw her condition of internal struggle, she extended her sway over the country, and Palestine was once more subject to a foreign power, becoming a Roman province.

We have now brought our brief historical resume up to the time of Christ's advent. He was born in the reign of Caesar Augustus, second emperor of the Roman Empire, and during all his life — and for many years after — Palestine remained under the Roman heel.

Even the most casual reader of the history of the Children of Israel is impressed by the utter failure of the nation insofar as nationalistic and political aspirations were concerned. It is a history of defeat, of subjugation, of long stretches of gloom, made darker than they really were by contrast with short intervals of glory and heroism. Yet the Hebrews take their place among the greatest people in the history of the world. That greatness is due to their magnificent and expanding conception of God, which has revolutionized the life and thinking of mankind.

(Concluded)

PRAISE IN THE PARK

NOBODY saw me raise my hat, that very beautiful Sunday afternoon, while the Detroit Citadel Band played thrilling Army music in the Riverdale Park; but my heart was delightfully in tune with the glad day, and, as the trees clapped their hands in the dancing rays of the life-giving sun, and the breeze blew his hair about his forehead, I sang a Te Deum for Tom Body.

Do you remember the name? It has appeared on this page as frequently as any man's name. Yet, when first he graced this page with those deeply-stirring phrases of his, we feared he might soon be with his father, known in Canada Army circles many years ago, as D. O. Body; for the Major rendered splendid service in the Dominion ere he returned to the Old Country, whence he was promoted to Glory a few years ago.

But here was J.T.B., his son, looking remarkably well, and giving thanks to God for His goodness, so how could I refrain from joining the chorus of praise?

We may look for further pennings, in a little while, from this friend of youth.—J.A.H.

woods. Here I found a tiny pond, and on it a single, perfect water-lily. Little gusty, fragrant airs out of the forest made its gleaming chalice slide veeringly on the black water: It seemed yearning for wings.

"While I was admiring the snowy, immaculate bloom, sailing idly, and perhaps imagining that the other house-guests, whose frivolities I had fled, would not have thus wandered to admire a lily—behind me sounded a step. Turning, I faced the chief reveler. What could he be doing down here? He spoke for himself.

"How did you find my lily?" he asked. "This is my fourth visit to her. Too bad she can't just sail away as she wants to. Just like people—anchored to the mud. What?"

"Ever since that expression I've been far less sure of the originality and the loneliness of my feelings."

Anchored to the mud — stuck in the mud, eh? Who but God would have found sustenance for such an object of beauty in such a condition? But what an amazing lesson is taught by that simple illustration from Nature study! We can leave the too-ready judge of his fellows to his own reproachings of himself; let us "consider the lily."

"Yearning for wings," says the writer. "Too bad she can't just sail away as she wants to," said his friend. "Just like people—anchored to the mud!"

Maybe the anchor idea is all right for flowers; but maybe not when we think of people. There is such a thing as exploiting your setting to advantage.

Certainly many people have grown tremendously by the very overcoming of adverse conditions; conditions which, at one time, they thought were against them.

One hears young people saying some such thing as this: "What can I do in such a home? How can I hope to do anything in a job like mine?" Stuck in the mud, you see.

Let the water-lily idea help you and see how beautiful a character you

CALGARY CORPS CADET WINS HONORS

Congratulations to Sunbeam-Leader and General's Guard Phyllis Gray, of Calgary Citadel Corps, for taking her L.A.B. degree in Pianoforte at the recent Examinations held in Calgary! She is also a Company Guard in the Young People's Corps, Higher Grade Corps Cadet, and a worker in the Young People's League.



We are looking for you

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address: Lieut. Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

MURPHY, John Joseph—Last known address was DesRivers Avenue, Montreal. Left Old Country in June, 1906. Age 51; height 5 ft. 10 ins.; black hair; grey eyes. Native of Rotherhithe. Barge builder by trade. Sister anxious to hear from him. 346

ARNAUD, P. J.—Native of Paris, France. When last heard of was working in Florida for the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company. It is thought that he may be around Montreal. Should this reach the eye of anyone knowing present whereabouts please communicate. 355

LAINE, Leo Evert—Native of Porl, Finland. Height medium; dark hair; brown eyes. Missing four years. Last known address, Overdale Avenue, Montreal. Relatives very anxious for news. 395

MERCHANT, Mrs. Mary—Age 73; height 5 ft. 4 ins.; blue eyes. Native of Liverpool. Housekeeper. Nickname "Moll." Birthmark on right side of forehead. Address thirty years ago—Second Avenue, Brookland, Canada.

HALL, Mrs. Margaret (Or Smith or Dixon)—Came to Canada from 22 Colman Street, North Ormesby, in March, 1929. Thought to be living around Niagara Falls. Mother anxious for news.

MORETON, James Edward—Native of Southport, England. Will he communicate with The Salvation Army, or will anyone knowing his present whereabouts please communicate. Mother anxious for news.

BRODIE, Alice—Age 45; medium height; auburn hair; fair complexion; grey eyes. Born in Glasgow, Scotland. Sent from Home in Saltcoats, Scotland, to Canada about thirty-two years ago. Sister enquires.

CHALLENGED BY A CHILD

The Story of "Little Alice Under the Table" and what came of her interruption



OH, NOBODY could love me!" The Scottish girl bowed her head on the table and gave way at last to the long-pent-up misery of her heart.

Another girl from Great Britain, hardly older than herself, but with such a sweet look, and clad in the neat navy uniform of a Salvation Army Officer, had just said, "Yes, we will help you, and you know God loves you, and we love your soul."

A tragedy had been averted that afternoon. The now-weeping girl had come to the end of her endurance and had set out for the river, resolved to "end everything."

She had run away from a strictly religious home, longing for freedom and to "see life," only to find that the companion of her adventure was a heartless deceiver. The years since had been an ever-uglier nightmare, but having forfeited the only precious thing she had to give, the wretched girl dared not think of home.

Then she caught sight of the brightly-polished brass plate on a house she was passing—"The Salvation Army—Women's Industrial Home"—and that shining brass flashed into her dark heart the first ray of hope it had known for years. These people might help her. Anyway, she would try.

But the purity and gentleness of the woman before her, the dainty brightness of the office with its orderly papers and fresh flowers, had flung into such violent contrast her own soiled and spoiled condition that despair had gripped her once more.

As she sobbed almost noiselessly a

shrill childish voice suddenly spoke.

"Jesus loves you!" it said, and lifting startled eyes the woman that was a sinner saw a tiny three-year-old girl coming from under the table, her drowsy blue eyes and flushed cheeks showing that she had just wakened from sleep.

"Alice, I didn't know you were there!" said the Warden, looking tenderly on her little protégée.

"Shall I sing?" inquired the child, and reading consent in the kind eyes bent on her, she stood, looking up at the sad woman, and sang in baby language, but with clear, piping notes:—

Jesus loves me, this I know,

For the Bible tells me so,

Little ones to Him belong,

They are weak, but he is strong!

Sure that her listener liked to hear it, she went on to sing the only other chorus she knew:—

"Go and tell Jesus everything."

"Love can change you as it has changed that dear bairn," the heart-broken one was assured.

A change indeed had been wrought in little Alice. While the child's soldier-father was in France her mother had died and he had come over to arrange for his children.

Baby Alice was placed with a nurse-mother who proved utterly unworthy of the charge, and when the bereaved man again got leave and went to see his child he found a wild-eyed, dirty, and almost naked little creature alone in the house.

Picking her up he strode wrathfully to the police, who promptly commended him to The Army Home.

It was not a Home for children but the Warden could not—simply could not—have turned away that appealing father and his unmothered child.

When she was taken indoors, washed, and tended, an open wound was found on her leg, and her poor thin arms were seen to be nearly raw with cold and neglect.

Like a frost-nipped flower the unhappy babe had been so bullied and terrified that she neither cried nor—for some time—did the ghost of a smile come to her wistful little face.

But in the atmosphere of love and care she began to open like a blossom in the sunshine until, with unconscious wisdom, she had learned how to do for another sufferer what had so recently been done for herself.

The new-comer hastened to cleanse herself—nobody must do this for her, she humbly entreated—and a gladdening change was soon manifested. She might be heard singing softly:—

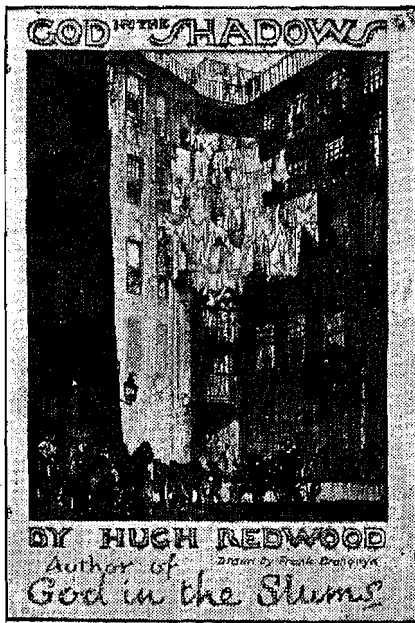
Jesus loves me, He who died

Heaven's gate to open wide,

He will wash away my sin,

Let me—even me—come in!

The change was, in her grateful heart, attributed, under the guiding hand of God, to the sweet offices of that unexpected messenger—little Alice under the table.



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This Workaday World

What it is saying and doing; what its interests and loves; how it seeks; what it finds

More Life, More Blood-Pressure

DO YOU KNOW that approximately one in five adults has high blood-pressure, and that the number is increasing because the average expectancy of life is increasing? Any study which affords information respecting the vital life-stream, the blood, is interesting to all, so we offer the following facts, given by a medical man in "Hygeia":

The heart beats on an average seventy-two times a minute, and in that time, puts out about two gallons of blood. The time required for a drop of blood to make a complete circuit of the body is estimated at twenty-three seconds, necessitating about twenty-six beats. The difference between rest and severe exercise may involve changes as great as 1,000%, or thirty pints a minute.

The amount of work which the heart does in one day is equivalent to the additional energy expended by a man in shoveling twenty-six tons of coal up a three-foot incline; or it may be expressed as the equivalent of lifting half a pound forty inches high with each beat. Under normal conditions, approximately eight pints of blood are passing through the heart every minute. During violent exercise all the blood in the body (eight pints) goes through the heart in about twelve seconds.

Under ordinary pressure the blood courses through the vessels at the rate of 207 yards a minute, seven miles an hour, 168 miles a day, and 61,320 miles a year, as the heart beats fifty million times! This is even more remarkable when we recall that all this work is being done by so small an organ as the heart, which weighs but ten ounces.

What about the condition of the blood vessels? It is the hardening of these vessels that almost always causes high blood-pressure. It may be said in general that there are four factors that occasion this hardening: (1) the normal wear and tear of life; (2) acute infections (venereal diseases, tuberculosis); (3) intoxications (alcohol, tobacco), and (4) personal habits (worry, over-work, over-eating).

SEEKING HAPPINESS

Japanese Tailor, Exiled in Korea, Conducts the World-Old Search

What a hunt it is! And all the world seems bent upon it! But in every land there appears to be the same lack of satisfaction. Happiness! Must men ever seek it in vain? Read what a Japanese tailor, self-exiled in Korea, has to say about it. He was speaking to a company of people who knew him well.

"I could not find peace or happiness in anything to which I turned," he began. "In my desperation I decided I would learn to sing by way of self-entertainment. Soon, however, I was compelled to recognize that I had not got a singing voice. Then, undiscouraged though I had failed, I still determined I must find something which I could enjoy, so I decided that I would learn to dance.

"Maybe I found some little success in this; but it did not lead me to happiness.

"You may imagine how desperate I was becoming for, after that, I turned

CANADIAN CAMERA-ETTES



The Champlain Monument, at Orillia, attracts and charms many visitors

to alcoholic drink. This part of the story will not bear to be told. All I can say is, I was more miserable than ever.

"Then I saw an announcement that The Salvation Army was to conduct a demonstration. I took note of the address of the Hall. I went to that building on the night announced. What I heard convicted me that the cause of my unrest and unhappiness was my sin. I was overjoyed to find that on the spot there was provided a Penitent-form to which I might go in contrite confession. I went forward so eagerly. I prayed to Jesus. He forgave and helped me. Immediately I found the peace and joy I had been seeking for so long." And the smiles upon the faces of his fellow-Salvationists amply confirmed his testimony.



WHERE HOUSES GROW WITH THE FAMILY

A quaint picture of typical houses in the Highlands of Sumatra, Dutch East Indies. The peculiar elongated appearance is caused by the fact that, as a member of the family marries, his house is built on to the parental abode. Each family has its own roof-spire

A Man-Size "Job" In the Day's Work

DESCRIBING his "job as a Christian minister," before a Lancashire Rotary Club, a well-known Old Country divine said, among other things: "There is something humiliating in the fulsome adulation some religious people are always offering to science. The progress of science towards truth has been far more hesitating, erratic, more full of recantations and reversals than the advance of theology.

"Knowledge of God is still the 'Queen of the Sciences,' and all final discoveries of science must be brought to that supreme regnancy. The truth of God is not conditioned by the approval of science.

"There should be no quarrel, but patience until science has made its final discoveries, and the developing knowledge of God has moved to its completeness—a far-off divine event, in which the argument will be dissolved. In pulpit, in class, in personal intercourse; in uttered word, and overt deed, the teaching of truth is the work of a minister."

"Yesterday we approached a house, and were surprised to read these words written on a piece of cardboard on the door, 'Please push button until the door is opened.' We complied, but not hearing a bell ring we wondered what it was all about. After two or three minutes we heard slow, shuffling footsteps, and presently an aged lady opened the door. She was, we learned, stone deaf. My companion wrote a few words descriptive of our mission, which, when she had read, caused her to nod her head, ere she led the way into the house.

"We were surprised to find an electric flash system had been installed throughout the house. When the bell button at the front door was pushed, the house lights flashed in each room. By means of writing pad and pencil we carried out our visitation program. Before leaving we wrote a short prayer on the pad. We were invited to call again."

—Extract from "Jubilee" Cadet's Work Book.

COMING of the ROSE



CONTINUING the same paper says: "The rose is no mere product of a fashion, like other flowers that modern gardeners proudly flaunt before us. So old it is that it may easily have been the first flower men and women ever loved.

"Long, long ago the roses bloomed in old Asia; the Persians cherished them, as the 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam indicates, and the Chinese and Japanese prided themselves on their possession of rose-bowers. The rose mentioned in the Old Testament may not be a true rose at all: Biblical experts have told us that the famous Rose of Sharon was a narcissus or lily; but there are real roses to be found in the Apocrypha.

"Red and white rose-leaves must

"Rose-time is here again. Rain or shine, the roses come, and in their coming they have triumphed over many graver things than fickle weather.

"The world may be at war; cities and nations may perish and kingdoms be swept away, but summer after summer the rose bursts on us in its full pride, quickening our sense of beauty to acuteness amid our temporary discords"

says "The Liverpool Post."

have drifted on the soft Southern breeze across to ancient Rome, and the writings of the Romans are rich and profuse in appreciation of the flower. Especially praised were the roses of Paestum; and Virgil, Propertius, Ausonius, and others speak of their "Gorgeous life

and death.' 'When in its splendor it suddenly falls, it dies the most gorgeous death, and after death it does not cease to be cherished, nor do its sweets become extinguished.'

"We of the twentieth century will not have done so badly if, in spite of our faults, future generations say of us, 'They loved roses.'"

Canada is having a remarkably fine rose year in 1932.

"All the world can ne'er
console thee,
Cannot bring thee joy;

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN of
in Canada, Alaska & Newfoundland

No. 2491 16 pp.

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1932

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

Jesus alone can satisfy
thee,
He will thy sorrow de-
stroy."

A Brief Serial, Descriptive of Western Pioneering

PROGRESS BORN OF A SONG

Pool-room jazz-
hound, swayed by
the thrill of an
impassioned solo,
surrenders to its
influence, which
he extends to
hundreds of har-
dly venturers in
Canada's mighty
West lands

A Story of the Solitudes, Ringing with Salvation Melody Amid the Moonlit Pines

BY MAJOR H. CHARLES TUTTE

(Continued from last week)

THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

Described how, through the singing of a solo in an Army meeting in Moose Jaw, Charlie Little and his wife were brought to Christ. Shortly after being enrolled as Soldiers, they bade farewell to their city comrades and left for a position on a farm in Southern Saskatchewan.

Activated by the Spirit of Christ, these two ardent spirits at once commenced to work for God in their isolated surroundings. They commenced meetings for children and soon their little centre was a thriving depot of useful and spiritual instruction.

Then came the call to a northern clime, and at Nipawin we find our zealots doing further Army pioneering work. The Envoy, hearing the Divisional Commander was visiting a Corps fifty miles away, motored thither and invited him to visit their Outpost, which the Divisional Commander agreed to do.

ARRANGEMENTS went forward for the visit of the Divisional Commander to the Nipawin Outpost.

"And we will meet you with the old Ford at Melfort," the Envoy's letter ran, "and drive you across country. It is cold, but you can wrap up warm in a big fur coat we will bring along; and if the snow keeps off we shall get through all right. The old Ford will not let us down. Expecting a glorious time."

The Envoy was nothing less than boyishly happy over the projected visit to his little Outpost of the Master's Empire. The Divisional Commander declared he must quickly find a week-end to spare, in spite of all his calls, so that he could visit this small village. So it was arranged, and one bright winter's day found the Ford chugging, and the cheery-faced Charlie transporting the Major across miles of virgin prairie.

The influence of the work had spread and the meetings were a great tribute to the splendid life and service of the Littles in their far-flung corner of the vineyard.

Truly Established

An enrolment of Soldiers and a Penitent-form scene that would make angels weep for joy made the visitor feel The Army was truly established at Nipawin. It seemed the song had repeated itself over and over again, as men and women had come forward and had made it their prayer, applying its Heaven-born truths to their own hearts and experience, "For me, for me!"

Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Little, who had the support of her children, now well-grown young people, cared for the spiritual growth of a fine group of young folk who had been saved, and that indispensable concomitant of all Army warfare, "The War Cry," was sold weekly, and a great Open-air work was being carried on among a crowd of men who

worked in the locality on a gang, building a huge bridge across the Saskatchewan River near the town.

As the years passed, the Envoy and his wife acquired a rich and precious experience, as well as a great capacity for service, for Charlie became quite a preacher of the Gospel, but his was a nature that always loved most the Gospel in song. Their influence became one of the fortresses for God in that isolated district, and people for many miles around looked to them for spiritual help.

Getting his living in the summer by operating a steam-plow, with a great engine pulling shares which turned many furrows, and in the Fall, running a threshing machine, for he was one of those splendid workmen who can operate both ends of a threshing outfit, he worked in the winter preaching the Gospel and winning souls for God.

The Major sat at his desk, with his assistant in attendance. The papers piled around told eloquently of the matters needing attention.

"Here's a chance for a real Blood and Fire Corps. Do please send us Officers right away. We have to move further up country, and we will try and start an Outpost there, but we do feel bad at having to leave the work in Nipawin. It may all fall apart unless you send in Officers," read a

letter before the Divisional Commander.

"Oh! Charlie Little, on the war-path again. Well, I must write him and say I'll come as soon as I can visit that part of the Division. Let me see, I'm at Melfort on—Yes, all right, Nipawin on the 25th. Fix that up, please."

A few days later Charlie entered his home.

"A letter from the Major, Ma," cried the happy warrior. "He's coming on the 25th. Didn't say anything about the Officers who ought to be sent in, though."

The visitor came, and further joy was received by the evidence of the fruits of the good seed sown years before.

The long-looked-for visit was an unqualified joy, as the crowds of people arrived to fill the Hall, and a number of them came seeking peace with God. Then a memorable conference took place. Yes, Officers must be sent in, it was agreed. The Envoy and his wife would be missed, but their work was too good to be allowed to fade away, and what with the added help of Officers able to put their whole time into the Work, and with the Envoy starting an Outpost at his new location, the establishment of a Corps should be possible.

But what about a Hall? A loaned

building might do for an Outpost, but a Corps must have a Hall of its own! Just the very thing! The Bridge Company, having now completed their work, were withdrawing, and offering their dining-hall for sale. It could be moved and a lot purchased on the main street. Yes, that was very encouraging. It was all summed up in an historic wire to Headquarters:

"Nipawin has Soldiers, Corps Cadets, and the best congregation in town. Exceptional opportunity. Can purchase building for Hall; move it to main street; cost very low. Could you send Officers immediately? Please wire. Make a Corps in a day."

"Major."

Farther north, about eighteen miles, Charlie Little and his wife still labor for the Master. Their Outpost in a frontier shack is almost as large as it was at Nipawin. There is the spirit which pushes further and further until all is conquered for God; that pioneer-spirit before which we are compelled to stand in awe.

Rivers of Grace

Late on the last night of the Divisional Commander's visit, Charlie and the Major walked under the moonlit pines. The air was crisp, clear and sharp. The Northern Lights, dashed with their ineffably beautiful colors, danced brightly in the sky, and overhead the stars shone with a brilliance never seen in southern climes.

As they walked they could hear the Saskatchewan River, a mighty torrent, pouring down through the great canyon below on its way to its thousand-mile-distant ocean.

"Charlie," said the Major, "those rivers of grace of which the song speaks, certainly flowed into your life; they have helped you to do a great work for God."

"Yes, Major, that night I knelt at the Cross, so long ago, at Moose Jaw, they began to flow into my life, and I can say without exaggeration that God wrote my name over all the promises, and not one has failed."

So, under the pines, they praised God for the harvest of souls He had given, for the rich blessings He had bestowed, and for The Army Corps He had built by the inspiration of that solo. And all because one man—a man with the spirit of the pioneers—had been caught in the spell of those thrilling words:

"Bid me rise a free and pardon
slave,
Victor o'er myself, the world,
grave;
Charging me to preach Thy power,
save
To sin-bound souls."

WHERE THE FRESH BREEZES BLOW



One of the delights of the days of delight at The Army's Fresh-Air Camps for needy children at Jackson's Point on Lake Simcoe, and Sandy Hook, Manitoba, is the daily romp on the lake shore and the splash in the cool waters.

Will you help to send these needy boys and girls from crowded dwellings to the health-giving lakeside?

Donations, large or small, will be gratefully received by Commissioner James Hay, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

HELP BRING SMILES to SAD FACES